

No. 5845

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22 1952

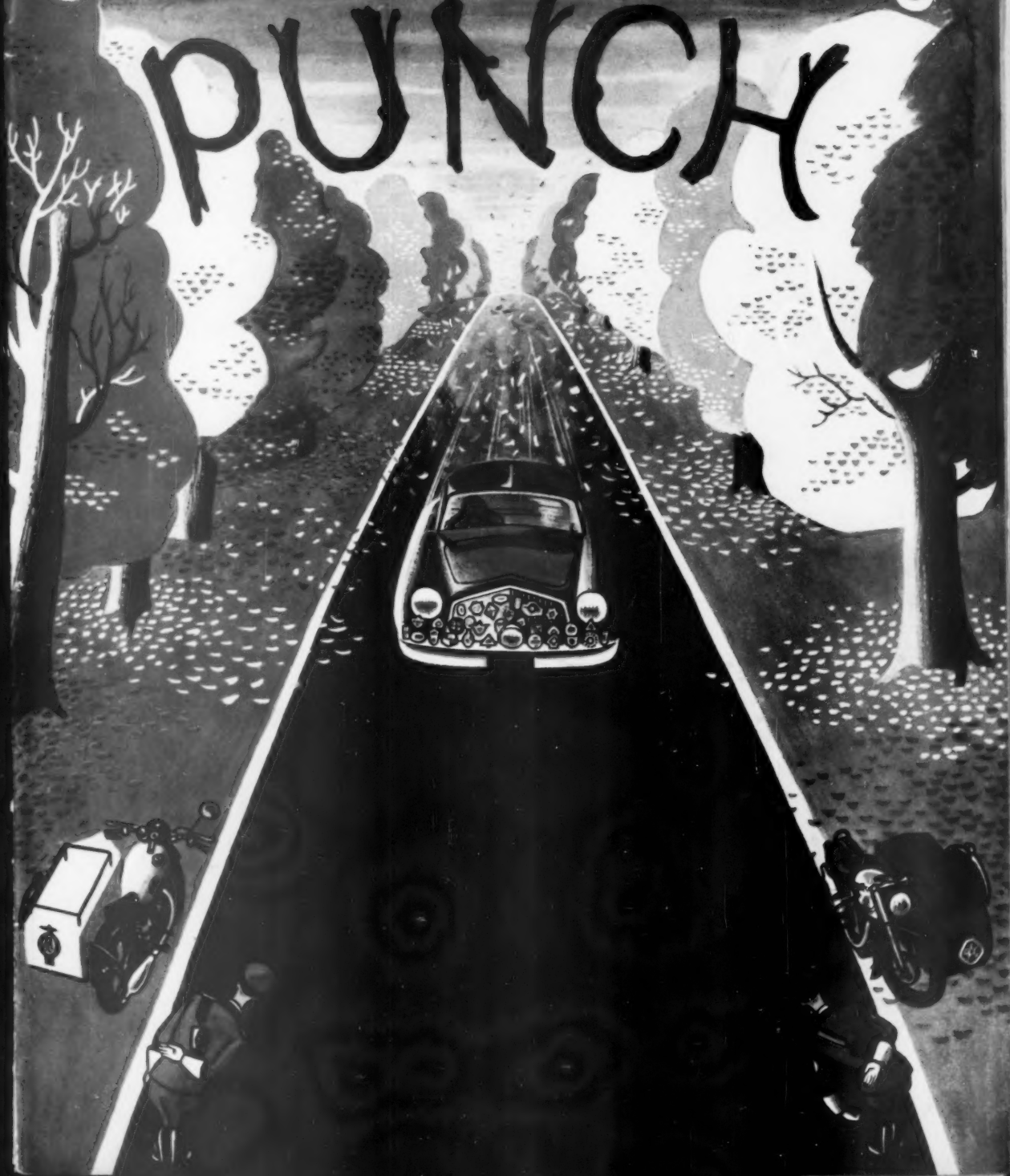
VOLUME CXXIII

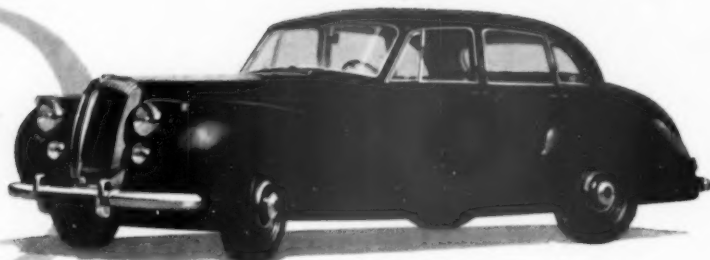
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OCTOBER 22 1952

6<sup>d</sup>

# PUNCH





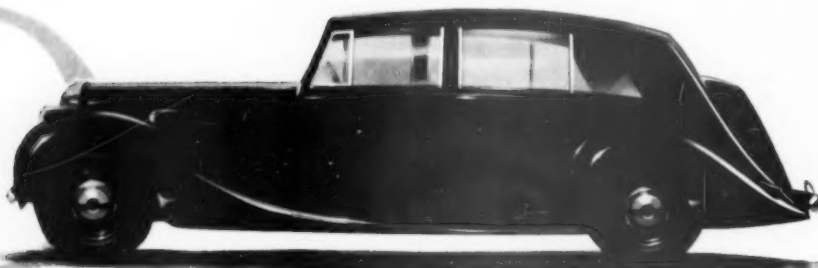
THE DAIMLER 3-LITRE "REGENCY" SALOON



THE NEW DAIMLER CONVERTIBLE COUPÉ on special series 3-litre Chassis.



THE NEW HOOPER "EMPRESS MARK II" SALOON on special series 3-litre Daimler Chassis.



THE DAIMLER "STRAIGHT-EIGHT" HOOPER LIMOUSINE



## see Daimler at the Motor Show

Don't miss the Daimler or Hooper stands, whatever you do! On them you will find the complete range of magnificent cars built to a tradition that makes a Daimler one of the most envied possessions in the world.

DAIMLER **165**  
STAND NO.

HOOPER **106**  
STAND NO.

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED • COVENTRY

February 1st is

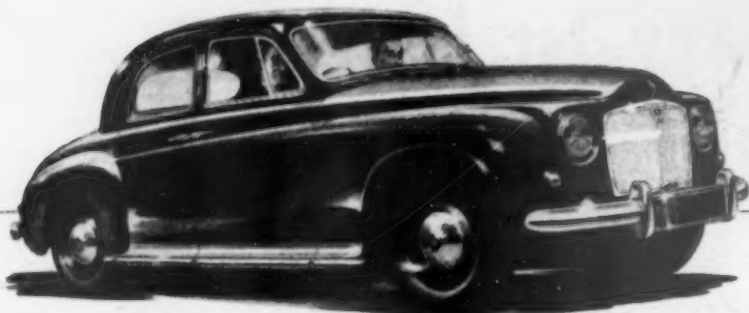
# SHELL DAY

That's the welcome-back day for the greatest of all petrols. The day you'll re-discover that **Shell spares your engine and improves your mileage.** It will be the best day ever for all motorists because Shell has the latest and best refining processes\*in the world.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



\* In addition to the normal distillation process, Shell's British refineries use catalytic-cracking, selective polymerisation and re-forming processes to produce the finest possible "balanced" petrol.



By Appointment to  
the late King George VI  
Manufacturers of  
Land-Rovers  
The Rover Company Ltd.

EARLS COURT

Oct. 22 • Nov. 1

STAND NO. 164

## \* AMERICAN COMMENTARY ON THE ROVER SEVENTY-FIVE

"... and I honestly believe (barring the Rolls-Royce)  
that there is no finer car built in the world today"

*The*  
**ROVER**  
*Seventy Five*

\* By Bob Dearborn, Tester, ROAD & TRACK  
Road Test No. F-4-52, August 1952

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON

CVS-184

### NEW SENSATIONAL CAR-WAX DISCOVERY!

in **20 MINUTES** the  
brightest, toughest  
wax polish of all!

**POSITIVELY NO RUBBING!**



**GUARANTEE:** Car-Plate is a Wax—only  
wax gives lasting shine and protection

Thousands of motorists have proved that Car-Plate gives their cars a genuine wax finish, the brightest shine, the most lasting protection—in 20 minutes! Spread Car-Plate on a clean\* car, let dry—then wipe lightly! No rubbing with Car-Plate! Your money back if not completely satisfied. Get a tin today!

5/- from all garages and accessory dealers.

**JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE**

**SPREAD... LET DRY... WIPE!**

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX



\*The easy way to prepare the finish of your car for a Car-Plate waxing is to clean it super-clean with Johnson's Carna.

### Triple Crown Port

is a delightful full-bodied port  
produced by the people  
who made port famous



**18/-** A BOTTLE

Half Flask 9/6

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT **GILBEY'S**



Where lies the Land  
to which yon Ship must go?  
Fresh as a lark  
mounting at break of day,  
Festively she  
puts forth in trim array:  
Is she for tropic suns,  
or polar snow?



What boots the enquiry?  
-Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for; let her  
travel where she may  
She finds  
familiar names, a boaton  
may  
Ever before her,  
and a wind to blow.

William Wordsworth 1807

Over the years, the House of State Express has had the privilege  
of supplying the worlds most famous shipping lines

**STATE EXPRESS 555**

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

## 1952—A YEAR OF OUTSTANDING SUCCESS FOR "BRISTOL" 2-LITRE ENGINES...

The outstanding racing successes achieved during 1952 by the two-litre "Bristol" engine—basically the same unit as that in the Type 401 saloon—are indicative of the high standards of design and workmanship and the scrupulous attention to detail which have won for this car a proud position in the world of modern motoring.



THE CAR DIVISION OF  
THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE CO. LTD.  
BRISTOL, ENGLAND

THE BRISTOL 2-LITRE 401



SALOON

FLORIDA-U.S.A.  
1<sup>ST</sup> FRAZER  
NASH  
12 HOUR GRAND PRIX

CANNES  
APRIL 20th  
RALLYE SOLEIL  
FRAZER NASH  
AUTOMOBILE CLUB  
CUP WINNERS

GOODWOOD  
APRIL 20th  
1<sup>ST</sup> COOPER-  
BRISTOL  
LAWSON AND  
CHICHESTER CLUB

GOODWOOD  
MAY 1st  
1<sup>ST</sup> COOPER-  
BRISTOL  
INTERNATIONAL  
TROPHY

BOREHAM  
MAY 17th  
1<sup>ST</sup> COOPER-  
BRISTOL  
FORMULA A.1.1000

BELFAST  
APRIL 17th  
2<sup>ND</sup> COOPER-  
BRISTOL  
ULSTER TROPHY  
RACE

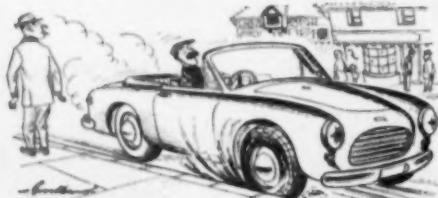
SILVERSTONE  
MAY 2nd  
BRISTOL CARS  
TEAM PRIZE  
PROMOTED TROPHY  
GRAND PRIX

SILVERSTONE  
MAY 17th  
3<sup>RD</sup> COOPER-  
BRISTOL  
BAYTON GRAND PRIX

BOREHAM  
AUGUST 24th  
1<sup>ST</sup> COOPER-  
2<sup>ND</sup> BRISTOL  
FORMULA B  
INTERNATIONAL TROPHY

BOREHAM  
AUGUST 24th  
1<sup>ST</sup> FRAZER  
NASHES  
5<sup>TH</sup> MILES RACE

## WANT MORE M.P.T? *Try these two tips*



### WATCH THOSE KERBS

The walls of your tyres are just as important as the treads, but far more vulnerable. Good drivers are never tempted to use the kerb as a second brake. Careless scuffing and scraping does a lot of damage. Leave yourself that extra inch of lee-way and you help yourself to more Miles Per Tyre.

### WATCH THIS TOO

Next time you need tyres remember that careful buying as well as careful driving can save you money. Choose Henley and see for yourself. Henley workmanship builds in more M.P.T. The reason? The Henley Incentive Scheme, now in its fifth year, rewards better work with better pay.

**YOUR DEALER WILL BE PLEASED TO FIT  
HENLEY TYRES**  
BUILT WITH INCENTIVE FOR MORE M.P.T.



## MACKENZIE'S



## FINO PERLA SHERRY

(PRODUCE OF SPAIN)

## REGAL PORT

(PRODUCE OF PORTUGAL)

Tawny, Ruby or White



FROM YOUR WINE MERCHANT

*The Best of the Bunch*  
20 EASTCHEAP · LONDON · E.C.3



*Start with something Extra*



*2 Years Insured Life*



*with all*  
**LUCAS CAR BATTERIES**

SEE STAND  
251  
MOTOR SHOW  
EARLS COURT

Ask your local garage for full  
details of this Unique Battery  
Renewal Scheme. (Applicable  
to home market only)



JOSEPH LUCAS LTD • BIRMINGHAM • ENGLAND

## ... the intimate virtues of a family firm



Five generations of Doncasters have given character to this Sheffield firm, founded by Daniel Doncaster in 1778. Two generations of Doncasters are still actively engaged in the management, although the expanding business has wisely given opportunities to directors and executives recruited from other than family sources.

The virtue of feeling part of a family is no dead tradition. The newest-joined apprentice feels it, just as do the many workers who look back on fifty years of service.

Doncasters, then, is a firm of medium size, engaged in forging and treating complex steels for the basic needs of many industries. Within such an organisation there are opportunities of many kinds for different skills.

Wherever he is and whatever he does, each man at Doncasters is allowed always to feel that he belongs, that he is part of a family tradition of inherited skills passed on from generation to generation, yet free to adapt them to present needs and to improve them too.



DANIEL DONCASTER & SONS LIMITED · SHEFFIELD  
FORGINGS · DROP FORGINGS · HARDENED STEEL ROLLS · HEAT TREATMENT



92

### What does

## THE LONDON OMNIBUS convey to you?

It is a Vehicle of Information, carrying sample Insurance Policies from the omnibus collection built up by The London Assurance in 200 years of public service.

### Sporting Offer

It is quite easy for a sporting man to have a field day of accidents. If he is covered by our Sportsmen's Policy however, he cannot lose. The cricketer's premium runs out at £1 each year, tennis 17/6, bowls 7/6 and other sports according to the risk involved.

### All to Blazes

The increasing cost of replacing the contents of trade premises damaged by a fire is an additional argument for full and satisfactory insurance. We have a special Policy for insuring trade premises, lock, stock and barrel.

### Van-guard Action

When you have bank notes, bonds, bullion, cash or coupons on the move, it's wiser to arm yourself with our Transit Insurance and let us shoulder the financial liabilities of a theft or loss.

### There's more to be said...

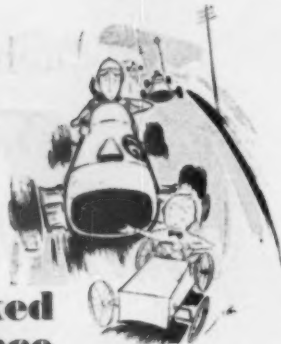
If you would know more about any of the policies outlined here, if we can provide any information about any other particular policies or about insurance problems generally—pray make what use of us you wish. Our address is 1 King William Street, Department N.1, London, E.C.4.

## THE LONDON ASSURANCE

*Very good people to deal with*



★ Write for your copy of 'Ingots,' a booklet about non-ferrous metals



## Brass-necked impudence

... is that which makes the impossible appear a commonplace accomplishment. We pray that you will not think us impudent if we remind you that in matters pertaining to brass (and other non-ferrous metals) we try to overcome the "impossible" foundry problem.

## talk to Chalmers

about **BRASS** ingots

also Gunmetal, Phosphor Bronze & Manganese Bronze ingots

E. CHALMERS & Co., Ltd., Newhaven Road, Leith, Edinburgh, 6 Telephone: 36611  
and at NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, BIRMINGHAM and GLASGOW

## Heads of State



and heads ahead

of most wear hats by...

## Lincoln Bennett



162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street), and from  
the best men's shops everywhere. Prices from 39/6d.

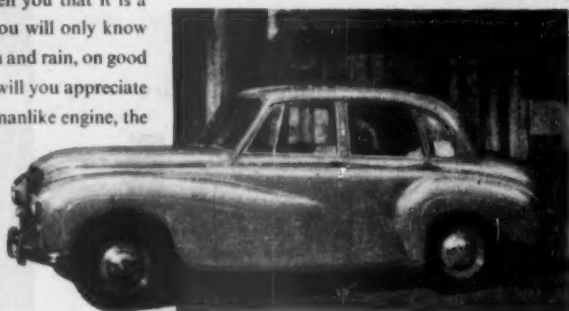


## Much more than meets the eye!



The Lanchester Fourteen is available as a coupé with power-operated hood which has a smart intermediate *de ville* position and folds neatly away at the touch of a button, or as a luxurious saloon, upholstered in real leather and air-conditioned.

**E**VEN a glance at the Lanchester Fourteen will tell you that it is a better car than most. But just *how* much better you will only know after you have driven it for many happy miles in sun and rain, on good roads and over stony tracks. Then, and only then, will you appreciate fully the skill that has gone into that grand workmanlike engine, the beautifully designed body, the superb springing. And more every day will you bless the famous fluid drive\*—the smoothest transmission in any car to-day—and the dozens of other refinements that make the Lanchester, as the years go by, a *friend* as well as a car! \*Licensed under Vauxhall-Sinclair and Daimler patents



BY APPOINTMENT  
Motor Car Manufacturers  
To the late King George VI

### *the lively, likeable* Lanchester on Stand 166

If you can't get to the Earls Court Show, but would like to know about the Lanchester Fourteen, send us a card. We will be pleased to send full technical information for your appraisal

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · COVENTRY





Announcing  
important new developments  
on the **BENTLEY** sports saloon



The introduction of new developments on the Bentley Sports Saloon is an event in the motoring world. The car now presented incorporates many improvements and additional features. A brightened chassis enhances the appearance already improved by re-styled body work; luggage space has been increased to double the capacity of previous models; modifications to the suspension add to comfort, and the recently introduced 4½ liter engine still further improves performance. These modifications and the introduction of hot and cold air circulating equipment are only a few of the additional features now incorporated in a car that has for so long occupied a unique place in international motoring systems.



## After Dinner Speeches . .

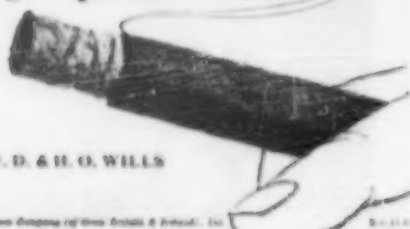
"At the outset I want to reassure you I am not this size really. Oh dear, no! I'm being amplified by the loudspeakers here . . ."

G. K. CHESTERTON



an

## "Embassy" cigar speaks for itself



Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Smoked by the Imperial Palace during the 1932 British & Foreign... Ltd.

What does

### THE LONDON

OMNIBUS convey to you?

It is a vehicle of information, conveying Policies from the omnibus 2... and up by 2... London Assurance in 200 years of public service.



#### Sporting Offer

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### THE LONDON ASSURANCE

Very good people to deal with



## Heads of State



and heads ahead

of most wear hats by . . .

## Lincoln Bennett



162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street), and from the best men's shops everywhere. Prices from 20/6d.



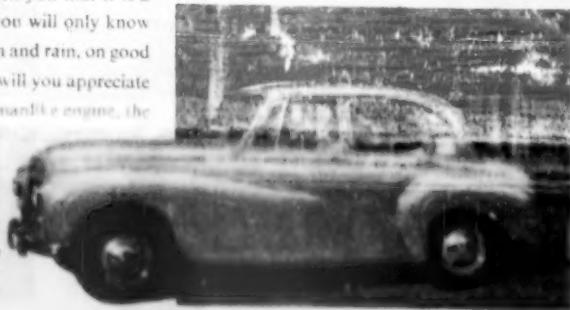
*first again!*

**NEW BRANDED PETROL ON**

**FEBRUARY 1st 1933**

**E**VEN a glance at the Lanchester Fourteen will tell you that it is a better car than most. But just *how* much better you will only know after you have driven it for many happy miles in sun and rain, on good roads and over stony tracks. Then, and only then, will you appreciate fully the skill that has gone into that second world war engine, the beautifully designed body, the superb springing. And more every day will you *enjoy* the famous "rumb drive"—the smoothest transmission in any car to-day—and the dozens of other refinements that make the Lanchester, as the years go by, a friend as well as a car! \* Licensed under Patent No. 10,000 and British Patent.

The Lanchester Fourteen is available as a coupé with power-operated hood which has a smart intermediate de ville position and folds neatly away at the touch of a button, or as a luxurious saloon, upholstered in real leather and air-conditioned.



BY APPOINTMENT  
Motor Car Manufacturers  
To the late King George VI

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Bentley Motors (1931) Limited, 14-15 Conduit Street, London, W.1

## After Dinner Speeches . .

"At the outset I want to reassure you I am not this size really. Oh dear, no! I'm being amplified by the loudspeakers here..."

G. K. CHESTERTON



an

## "Embassy" cigar speaks for itself



Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of  
The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

E.C.I.G.



## SECRETS OF BOLS LIQUEURS.

A distillate of finest  
Dutch caraway seeds,  
a digestive quite exceptional...

... that's Bolskummel. It is not surprising that the caraway seeds (and other rare herbs) from which it is distilled were once used to pay taxes, for such intriguing flavour and inviting aroma are the birthright only of a liqueur born to high estate. They are in fact the characteristics of a delectable digestive the extra dry quality of which is based on a centuries-old secret.

# BOLSKUMMEL

\* The House of Bols was founded in Amsterdam in 1575—over thirty years before Rembrandt was born.  
Other Bols liqueurs include Apricot Bols, Cherry Bols and Dry Orange Curaçao.



## THE OVERNIGHTER

the ideal gift for the modern businessman. This set is specially packed in an unbreakable polythene container—that really is unbreakable and slim for travel bag corners. Inside are a handy-grip flacon each of After Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne and Men's Brilliantine. Refills in the standard size easily obtainable at all Lenthéric stockists.

Price 21/-

Quiet, perfect grooming by

## Lenthéric

PARIS

17 OLD BOND STREET W.1

NEW YORK



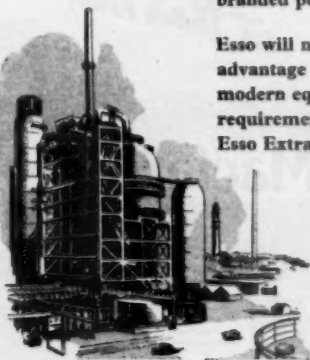
*first again!*

**NEW BRANDED PETROL ON  
FEBRUARY 1st. 1953**

- Esso** were the first to make derationing possible in 1950.
- Esso** were the first to complete a new post-war British refinery in 1951.
- Esso** built the first and largest single catalytic cracker in Europe at Fawley near Southampton.

These Esso achievements make it possible for branded petrol to return to Britain.

Esso will not re-offer you 1939 brands or quality, but taking full advantage of the largest single refinery in Britain with the most modern equipment and techniques, will advance to the requirements of 1953 with a brand new petrol, Esso Extra Anti-Knock, the finest petrol in the World.

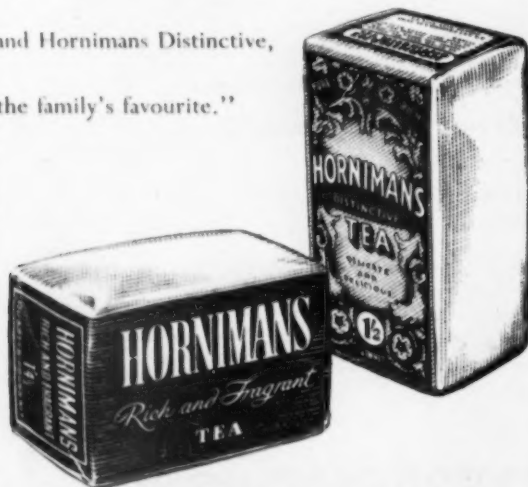


*It pays to say* **Esso** *FOR HAPPY MOTORING*

ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED, 36 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

# *I'm choosing—* it's my privilege

"No more taking just  
anything that's offered!  
Now I choose  
and insist upon  
the blends I prefer:  
Hornimans Rich & Fragrant,  
a real connoisseur's tea;  
and Hornimans Distinctive,  
the family's favourite."




## HORNIMANS TEA

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD., LONDON, N.1. EST. 1826






### ....sweet interlude

How time flies! No sooner  do

I break the seal on a box of these

wonderful ....  .... no, .... ecstatic

Regency Candies than one heavenly  mouthful leads to another

 and another  and another and before I know where I am ....

sorry darling I *did* mean to save you one!

.... But look! There's another layer!



CLARNICO LIMITED  
VICTORIA PARK, LONDON



*British Biscuits  
at their Best*

## Macfarlane Lang



ESTABLISHED 1817





## abroad ?...à bas

The inconveniences of 'Abroad' were fully appreciated by the Nobility and Gentry of the Regency period. In fact, during Brighton's hey-day, King George IV gave the Royal Spa there his special patronage, because Dr. Struve's artificial solutions, "very nearly agreeing with those found in nature," made it no longer necessary to seek cures on the Continent. In these days, the Continent beckons alluringly though the difficulty of deciding upon the perfect destination may well add to

the need for relaxation, and this is where Hooper Struve Table Waters excel. They include such firm favourites as Hooper Struve Dry Ginger Ale, and Hooper Struve Tonic Water. Both of these notable drinks are very much above the ordinary—which is why you so often meet them where good hospitality is to be found.



\* The finest Dry Ginger Ale you could wish for is made by Hooper Struve. It is first rate refreshment on its own, and the smoothest of mixers.

• Hooper Struve Tonic Water has a character of its own—a subtle difference on the palate—something that makes it go better with whatever you mix it with. Many good judges would say it is the best all-rounder... probably you will say so too.

## Hooper Struve Table Waters



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI  
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURERS

LONDON • BRIGHTON • ALDERSHOT • EXETER • SOUTHEND • BRISTOL • SHIPTON BELTINGER



British Olivetti Ltd 119 Brompton Square London W 1  
Standard Electric Portable Typewriters Printing Calculators Adding/Listing Machines



... and as it is  
so important  
please have it  
typed on  
an Olivetti's

Model M44 the distinguished British typewriter

The Kindrocht Brooch, in silver and  
gold—a delightful example of 16th  
century Scottish craftsmanship.  
(From the National Museum of  
Antiquities of Scotland, Edinburgh)



## Good things of Scotland

In every century the painstaking craftsmen of Scotland have given grace and pleasure to living. It was craftsmen no less who first made John Cotton tobacco in 1770; that famous Edinburgh brand, so cool and even-burning, so fresh yet free from undue moisture. Smokers who prefer a pipe have usually preferred John Cotton... but, for the man or woman who appreciates a superb cigarette, John Cotton has another treat in store. For all this traditional knowledge of good tobacco goes to make that truly fine brand... John Cotton No. 1 Cigarettes.



John Cotton Tobacco Nos. 1 & 2,  
4/9 oz. No. 4, 4/5 oz.  
Empire, 4/11 oz.  
No. 1 Cigarettes, 3/11 for 20.

**John Cotton**

MADE IN EDINBURGH SINCE 1770

BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

## The Singer 1500 Saloon



Singer Motors continue their policy of refining the comfort, performance and finish of two highly developed models—the SM 1500 Saloon and the SM Roadster. Both now available with a twin carburettor engine as an optional extra.

## The Singer Roadster



The SM Roadster with the 1497 c.c. engine is for Export only

**STAND 142**

MOTOR SHOW OCTOBER 23 to NOVEMBER 1

SINGER MOTORS LTD · BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY

## Did you know

a riderless horse can win a race?



### The toughest race on earth

These races are probably the toughest in the world. Run since 1669 for the possession of a sacred banner called the Palio, they cause bitter rivalry between the various districts who enter riders. Assault, doping and the bribery of grooms and jockeys are a normal occurrence. Knives are drawn and men may die on Palio day. The course usually takes only 1 minute, 10 seconds. The barebacked jockeys circle the piazza three times, using their whips as deadly weapons, viciously laying into all the other riders and horses within range. It is unusual for more than three

or four jockeys to finish the race. When the winner pulls up, friends, enemies and carabinieri rush on to the course and chaos reigns supreme. Afterwards there is a thanksgiving service, a feast for the winner and a grand parade of the horses. Then and only then does peace return to Siena.

DID YOU KNOW that for over half a century the House of Cope has provided an unrivalled service for sportsmen, based on courtesy, integrity and dependability? Write NOW for our illustrated brochure.

**NO LIMIT & ALL POSTAGE PAID**  
Cets by Telephone, Letter and Telegram

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

**COPE'S**  
The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

Please send me a free copy of your new 1912 illustrated brochure. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Name

Address

Town

County  P.C. 44

David Cope Ltd, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4



## IS HE NEEDING NEW SOCKS RIGHT NOW?

THERE ARE FIVE QUICK QUESTIONS to ask yourself when you plan to buy socks for a man. (1) How long will they last? (2) How often will they need mending? (3) Do they shrink? (4) How comfortable are they? (5) How smart are they?



DAYELLA socks  
6 4 A PAIR, ALL SIZES  
SPICED FOR EXTRA STRENGTH  
AT HEEL AND TOE

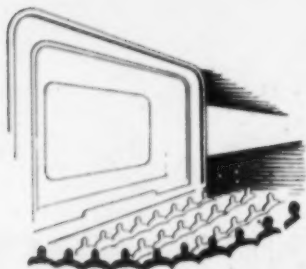
WITH DAYELLA, these questions are answered right away. (1) DAYELLA socks really do last for years — far longer than ordinary socks. The reason for this is the unique way they are made (by the makers of VIYELLA), and spliced for extra strength at heel and toe. (2) They not only last twice as long but — because they don't shrink — they need half the mending of ordinary socks. (3) They are *guaranteed* — “If it shrinks we replace”. (4) Comfortable — very: and they preserve their beautifully soft texture for years. (5) There are DAYELLA socks to match every sort of clothes, formal or informal. Always have a few new pairs in his top drawer . . . and you won't need to get any more for as far ahead as you can see.

You'll be glad you bought DAYELLA.

There's nothing to equal  
**Dayella**  
REGD.  
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "VIYELLA" AND "GAYELLA"  
WOLFGANG DOLLMEYER & COMPANY LIMITED GOTTESBACH



## ODEON THEATRES AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

### Group Results an All-Time Record

The fifteenth annual general meeting of Odeon Theatres, Ltd., and the annual meetings of its subsidiary companies, British and Dominions Film Corporation, Ltd., Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, Ltd., Odeon Associated Theatres, Ltd., and Odeon Properties, Ltd., were held on October 10 at the Dorchester Hotel, London, W., Mr. J. Arthur Rank, D.L., J.P., the chairman, presiding.

The following are extracts from his statement which was circulated with the report and accounts:

In my last statement dealing with the group accounts for the 52 weeks ended June 23, 1951, I was able to report good progress in the financial rehabilitation of the group.

I am very happy to present to you this year accounts which show that this progress has been fully maintained. From these accounts you will see that our financial position and profit-earning ability have been markedly improved.

You will recall that at June, 1949, our financial position was severely strained as a result of the reverses suffered in the large-scale production of British films.

The two following years were fully occupied in dealing with the many problems which arose from this cause.

During this period under the guidance of the managing director, Mr. John Davis, the organisation of the group was closely examined with a view to reducing administration expenses, improving the efficiency of our operation and raising the enthusiasm and morale of the personnel.

The results for the year under review, namely for the 53 weeks ended June 28, 1952, demonstrate the beneficial effects of this policy.

The trading results for the period show a marked improvement over the previous one and in fact are an all-time record in the history of the group as now constituted.

At the same time we have been successful in effecting further substantial reductions in the funded and unfunded indebtedness of the group.

### ODEON THEATRES, LTD.

Consolidated Balance-sheet: Revenue reserves show a substantial increase of £1,045,954 and now amount to £1,421,645.

Loan capital, including mortgages, debentures and secured notes at £16,733,443 shows an aggregate reduction of £1,911,275 when compared with £18,644,718 last year.

I am also glad to record that the first and second secured notes of British Optical and Precision Engineers, Ltd., amounting to £1,750,000 which fell due for repayment either at December 31, 1952, or 1954 were the subject of a funding operation which was completed in 1952.

Bank Loans and Overdrafts: Between June 23, 1951, and June 28, 1952, the bank indebtedness of the group has been reduced by a further £2,437,008, and now amounts to £6,776,738. Thus compared with the position at June 25, 1949, a total reduction of approximately £9,500,000 has been made.

Film productions: The stock value of film productions including the substandard film library at June 28, 1952, amounted to £2,996,779.

A year ago it was necessary to make provision for losses on unreleased films. I am happy to say that at June 28, 1952, we have not considered such a provision necessary.

The contingency provision shown as a deduction from the value of



## Company Meeting

# PROGRESS OF THE

film productions on the consolidated balance-sheet amounts to £437,155. This provision is designed to cover the uncertainties which must always exist in the distribution of films, particularly overseas.

Consolidated trading profits, less losses, subject to depreciation, interest, etc., amounted to £6,397,278 for the year, as compared with £5,125,230 for 1950-51. This marked improvement is principally due to the fact that net losses on film production and distribution (before depreciation) amounted only to £25,094 in the year under review, as against £1,182,099 in 1950-51.

After deducting £925,359 (1951, £921,876) for outside shareholders' interest, the profit attributable to Odeon Theatres, Ltd., is £834,620, as compared with £138,227 in the previous year.

### GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION LTD.

The financial position of this group shows a substantial improvement. Consolidated balance-sheet: Revenue reserves at £4,958,236 are £374,972 greater than last year due to the addition of retained profits.

The trading profit for the year subject to depreciation, interest, etc., is £2,895,094 and compares with £2,852,264 in the previous year. Depreciation absorbs £549,016 (£542,522 in 1950-51) and after crediting interest and commission receivable and deducting interest payable, audit fees, etc., the Group profit before taxation amounts to £2,126,963 as compared with £1,994,999 last year.

After allowing for £355,885 for outside shareholders' interests, the net profit applicable to the Corporation is £331,079 (1950-51 £426,920).

### BRITISH & DOMINIONS FILM CORPORATION LTD.

Consolidated balance sheet: Revenue reserves have been increased by £98,608 to £867,088, as compared with £768,480 last year.

### NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK

I have referred in previous years to the support which our bankers have given during our difficult years and the happy relationship which we have had with them. It has given me considerable satisfaction to see the amount by which we have reduced our bank indebtedness during the last three years—thus proving that the confidence which the bank placed in your company and its management was justified.

### FILM PRODUCTION

It has been said in some quarters that owing to the financial problems with which the country is faced the importation of foreign films should be reduced and the output of British films increased and that if necessary this position should be achieved by legislation. I do not subscribe to this view, and am surprised that it should be put forward as a practical proposition in view of the unfortunate experience which the industry suffered as a result of such a policy in 1948-1949.

I believe that the British production industry will expand slowly, surely and economically if it is allowed to develop its creative talent without political interference.

I am convinced that the basic factor which must always control the volume of British film production is the availability of creative talent.

### THE EADY FUND

I referred last year to the extension of the Eady Fund for a period of three years to August 5, 1954, and expressed the view that such an extension would assist in solving the immediate film production problems. I believe that by and large it has done this.

The Eady scheme is a voluntary scheme adopted by all sides of the industry. It is obviously desirable that it should be a voluntary scheme, but it is vital that the future continuance of the scheme after August, 1954, is considered and settled now.

The existing arrangements expire in August, 1954. Experienced and prudent producers know that they will have to make decisions long before that date as to their future production policy if arrangements have not been made to extend the existing scheme.

I think that all those who understand the problems of the industry are now satisfied that while entertainment tax is maintained at its present level





# RANK ORGANISATION

the British production industry cannot persist on a sound and economic basis without some financial support similar to the Eady scheme.

I envisage that unless arrangements have been completed by the spring of 1953 for an extension of the Eady scheme the present level of production will commence to fall and by August, 1953, will be coming to a standstill.

In so far as this group is concerned we shall materially curtail film production in August, 1953, unless we know that the production side of the industry will be receiving support under a proper scheme after August, 1954. This policy is essential in the shareholders' interests.

## ENTERTAINMENT TAX

During the year the industry has again had to spend a great deal of time in wrestling with the problem created by the unfair discrimination in the rate of entertainment tax which it has to pay as compared with other forms of entertainment.

Unfortunately these efforts have produced little by way of results.

In the 546 theatres operated by this group the public paid during the year under review £30,018,278 by way of admission prices and of this total no less than £11,808,831 was drained off as entertainment tax representing 7s. 10d. of every £1 taken at the box office, or 39 per cent. of total paid admissions. We suffered a decrease of 3.16 per cent. in the number of admissions as compared with 1951 but, despite this, paid in entertainment tax an increase of 10.52 per cent., or over £1m., an absurd and unhealthy position. I consider that the industry is entitled to tax relief and that if this were granted the Treasury as well as the industry would gain by the maintenance or increase in box office attendances.

## EXHIBITION

**DOMESTIC.**—In my view this group as the proprietors of two important chains of cinema theatres which are British controlled, carries a definite responsibility to support British production.

During the year we have played 34 British first features, in 17 of which we had no financial interest and 16 British supporting features in which we were financially interested in only two.

**OVERSEAS.**—Our overseas theatres, both those directly operated by us and those which are in association with partners, have made further material progress during the year. Their efficiency of operation has been further improved. Attendances have been maintained and what has been most gratifying, the demand from the public for British films in the countries concerned has increased.

## DISTRIBUTION

**DOMESTIC.**—The extensive reorganisation of our domestic distribution to which I referred last year has been completed with gratifying results. The appointment of Mr. K. N. Hargreaves as managing director of General Film Distributors, Ltd., has proved a wise one and our relationship with independent exhibitors is better to-day than it has ever been before.

**OVERSEAS—Eastern Hemisphere.**—The hard work which has been put in in recent years is bearing fruit. I am happy to say that we have an efficient and enthusiastic distribution operation in all territories.

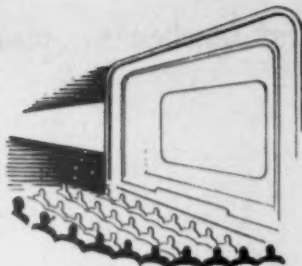
**CANADA.**—The remittances to this country from the distribution of British films by our Canadian organisation were, during the year under review, the highest which we have ever achieved. I am hopeful this revenue will continue to expand.

**UNITED STATES.**—Some of our films have had outstanding successes in the large centres. We have also made some progress in the smaller ones but even so the territory still remains a difficult one.

## STUDIOS

Pinewood has been in steady production during the whole year, the tempo increasing as the year progressed.

Nine films have been produced in which we have participated financially: "Hunted," "The Card," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Penny Princesses," "Something Money Can't Buy," "The Planter's Wife," "Venetian Bird," "Meet Me To-night," "It Started in Paradise."



We anticipate that in the current year we shall produce at least 15 films in these studios.

Apart from the productions, which I have already mentioned, we have participated financially in the Ealing production programme for the year, which comprised: "I Believe In You," "His Excellency," "Where No Vultures Fly," "Secret People," "Mandy."

## MANUFACTURING COMPANIES

I have referred to the re-financing of British Optical and Precision Engineers, Ltd., a most important financial operation and one which has done much to stabilise the affairs of this company and its subsidiaries.

The results for the year ended December 29, 1951, showed a profit before tax of £515,641 being an improvement of £321,760 as compared with the previous year. One-third of the turnover for the year ended December 29, 1951, was secured in the export markets.

**CINEMA-TELEVISION, LTD.**—This company has made steady progress during the year under the able guidance of its managing director, Mr. Darnley-Smith, and has been extending its interests and activities. Particular progress has been made in the development of specialised cathode



ray tubes and photo-electric cells.

The company has, as you know, for many years been actively interested in the development of a large screen television system for use in the motion picture cinema.

We believe that in the coming years large screen television will play an important part in public entertainment.

**BUSH RADIO, LTD.**—A record turnover has been achieved by this company during the year although the market for the sale of radio and television receivers has been disturbed by fiscal measures.

## DIRECTORATE

In my last statement I referred to the outstanding service rendered to the group by Mr. John Davis, the deputy chairman and managing director of Odeon Theatres, Ltd. I must again place on record the Board's appreciation of his brilliant administrative powers and sound judgment which have contributed so largely to the satisfactory trading results and the improved financial position which I have been able to report to you.

I have referred in previous years to the invaluable advice which we have received from Messrs. Peat Marwick Mitchell and Co., and particularly from their partner, Mr. R. G. Leach. The year under review has been one of consolidation and, on behalf of myself, Mr. John Davis, my colleagues and the shareholders, I again wish to thank Mr. R. G. Leach for the generous help and advice which he has given to us continually throughout the year.

## PERSONNEL

The policy to which I referred last year of the development of young and enthusiastic manpower has been continued and is being of material assistance to us. I believe that we have to-day the best pool of potential executive manpower of any company in this industry. I wish to thank them sincerely for their services during the year.

## THE FUTURE

Our major financial difficulties have now been overcome. The personnel and organisation of the group are in first-class order. We face the future with a measure of confidence in the knowledge that if the cinema industry is given reasonable conditions in which to operate we shall maintain our important position in it and I hope to be able to present satisfactory trading results to our shareholders.



## "First luncheons... please"



Carting that overcoat all the way to the Dining Car? No faith in your fellow men?

None. Not when the coat is a genuine Maenson. Feel the material... doesn't that make you feel like a kleptomaniac? Look at the cut! Notice the hang!

How can I? You haven't got it on.

Half a second... now see what I mean? These same Maensons earn us a lot of prestige, and good hard dollars, in the U.S.A. ... they know good workmanship over there. Hallo... who's put his gloves in my pocket?

Afraid they're mine. So's the Maenson.\* That's yours on the other rack!

# Maenson

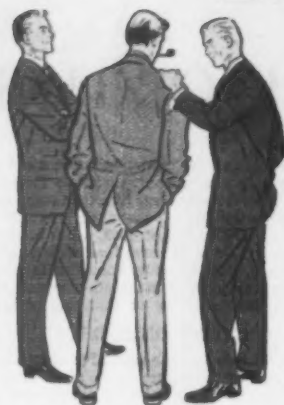
...the fitting choice

\* A range of discreetly-tailored Maenson overcoats and suits, in fine, lasting cloths, faultless styles and 80 different fittings, awaits your critical appraisal.

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality Havana wrappers are used for both brands of cigars.



## Security measure

'Lightning' zips are the modern fastening—much quicker, more convenient and reliable. Women realised this years ago, of course, but men were more conservative. At first they zipped tentatively up and down their golf bags—then they gained confidence and used them on all sorts of sports kit—

now they are finding that 'Lightning' is the very best thing for trousers. More and more men are changing over to

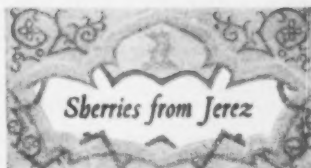
## LIGHTNING

the reliable zip

LIGHTNING FASTENERS LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM  
L.F.16 (A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)



Chaplins is a name to conjure with in the wine trade — for it is close on ninety years since Chaplins brought their first batch of fine sherries from Jerez de la Frontera. Connoisseurs of sherry, whether their taste be for light or dark, say Chaplins and there's an end to it. Chaplins it has to be. Here's a choice of six of the best to suit all tastes.



## CHAPLINS

fine sherries  
and Concord ports



CELESTA a delicate pale dry Fino  
MARINA a rare Manzanilla  
St. TERESA distinctive Amontillado  
PLAZA an old golden Oloroso  
TOM BOWLING rich brown Oloroso  
TARANTELA traditional dark sherry

W. H. Chaplin & Co. Ltd, Tower Hill, London, E.C.1

72

Punch, October 22 1932



*Grace...Space...Pace*

JAGUAR

Punch, October 22/29/58



Near Seven Pagodas, Mahabalipuram, India

## All that's best from Britain . . .

The monuments of India's rich and glorious past are miracles of patient craftsmanship . . . to-day her people are demanding the best the modern world can give . . . that is why the Standard Vanguard is proving so popular in this vast sub-continent. Built by the finest engineering craftsmen and tested under the most arduous conditions, here is a car that truly represents in every detail of its design 'all that's best from Britain.'

Manufactured by THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY, ENGLAND

London: 37, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 5011

**STAND 144** INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW,  
EARLS COURT (OCT. 22—NOV. 1)

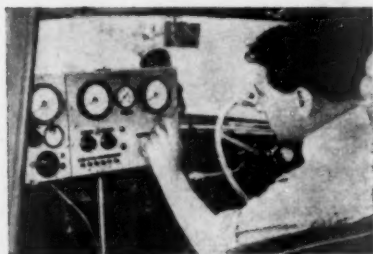


STANDARD CARS • TRIUMPH CARS • STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES • FERGUSON TRACTORS

Your **PINKING**  
days are numbered

**BP SUPER**


is coming to Banish Pinking



**BP SUPER PASSES EVERY TEST**

To ensure the *uniformly* high standard of the new premier-grade BP Super, the most rigorous system of inspection and testing is operated at the BP Research Station at Sunbury-on-Thames. Electronic tachometers, road test panels for determining knock-rating, attachments for sampling exhaust gases—every kind of recording and testing device is called into service when BP Super takes its final trials in the tank of a road-test car. When BP Super is in the pumps you will see for yourself the superb performance that this smooth-burning fuel gives your car.

It's going to be a super season for motoring when BP Super is here ! No more pinking when you fill her up with BP Super. This new superlative petrol will put the pleasure back in motoring—you'll find you get more pulling power, longer engine life and more miles per shilling. All for a few more pence per gallon !

 is the trade-mark of

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD.,  
whose world-wide resources are behind it.



*Distinguished*

BY ITS SUPERB PERFORMANCE



THE

*Eagle*

MIGHTY IN STRENGTH  
AND ENDURANCE—  
OUTSTANDING IN VALUE

*The ultimate in car-tyre quality*

YOU CAN TRUST

**GOOD  YEAR**

FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR





## CHARIVARIA

THE announcement that visitors to the Motor Show may receive their new car a fortnight after ordering it will keep away thousands who have got used to having five years to change their minds.

occupation stated) by replying "No" when asked if he was engaged in trade or distribution—and thus got both men in the news—that we realize what we're missing.

## Correction

"Sir—'Et in Arcadia ego' can only mean 'Even in Arcadia there (am) I' . . . Poussin may have been responsible for obscuring the literal meaning of the phrase, though he did not himself misunderstand it. The erroneous translation perpetuated by Goethe became prevalent in the eighteenth century, and virtually ousted the true one. There is an authoritative study of the changing idea in Erwin Panofsky's article 'Et in Arcadia Ego', printed in 'Philosophy and History: Essays presented to Ernst Cassirer,' 1936.

Yours, etc.,"

A letter to the Daily Telegraph

"Sir — Regarding Billy Wilson's three-abreast, this ride was not of German manufacture, but was made by Messrs. John Allen of Oxford and it was a very smooth-running one; it travelled clockwise, not anti-clockwise. In the days of the old Royal Agricultural Hall it stood nearly opposite to Walter Shaw's Wiggle-Woggle, the other rides there being Billy Beach's three-abreast, Billy Wilson's Rodeo Ride, Arthur Taylor's Slip, Wilson's Dodgems (this is now owned by Johnnie Lee of Yorkshire) and Green's Caterpillar.

Yours, etc.,"

A letter to The World's Fair

## Wreckage Over a Wide Area

"BRITAIN'S A-BOMB IS MORE DEADLY THAN EVER"

Leicester Mercury

"MRS. BRADDOCK EXPLODES OVER MR. BEVAN"

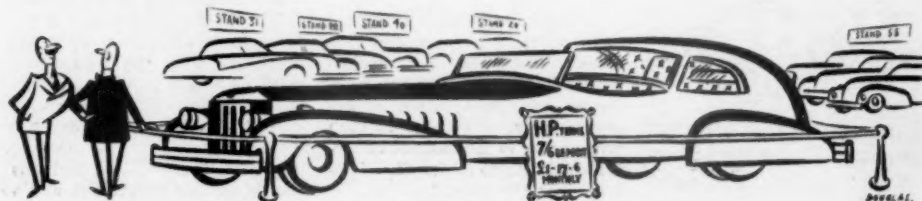
Same paper, same page

Welcoming the Ministry of Fuel and Power's promise that better quality fuel will soon be on the market, a motoring correspondent looks forward to the time when cars will once again be quick off the mark. News is awaited from the Ministry of Food announcing comparable improvements in fuel for pedestrians.

"The car I was privileged to use did seem to set up a little vibration at about 58 m.p.h., but with further acceleration it disappeared at about 62."—A motoring correspondent  
Shock for the driver behind, wasn't it?

For some of us the world of television remains a secret world whose wonders we can only savour at second hand through occasional reports in the Press. It is only when we read, for example, that in a recent Sunday night entertainment a Mr. Harry Shann (newspaper seller) angered a Mr. Gilbert Harding (no

A plea by bank employees that industry should spread its pay-days over the week, instead of concentrating on Friday, the banker's busiest day, is understood to be endorsed heartily by leading



cosh-bands, who have for some time been complaining of great pressure of business on Fridays too.

£ £

The mounting popularity of the B.B.C.'s daily household hint is thought to be mainly due to the element of suspense involved in waiting to see whether it is followed by a warning not to take it.

£ £

In a "Zebra Crossing Code" submitted to the Ministry of Transport the suggestion is made that pedestrians wishing to cross the road should give a hand signal. Something clearly distinguishable, no doubt, from the usual clenched fist.

£ £

Commentators on the American political scene remind us that in the heat of an election battle speakers

do not always mean the hard things they say. Certainly some of Mr. Truman's sentiments seem rather un-I-like-Ike-ly.

£ £

Intending users of a telephone kiosk which was built six months ago in Stoke Newington but in which no instrument has, at the time of writing, yet been installed are said to have carried matters as far as possible at their end by covering the walls with the usual portraits of the people they hope to be able to ring up any time now.

£ £

"In these circumstances it is perhaps natural that the one definite proposal in the Note—the question of immediate cash payment—should be first considered. Here Dr. Mousadek may argue that his present offer is a concession. On September 24 he asked for £40m. at once. He now asks for £20m. of it, but does not surrender his claim to the full amount. He is no doubt encouraged by the United States offer of \$10."

*The Times*

Mustn't count his chickens, though.

£ £

## CLUB PLAY

**DEAR WEEBY.**—Very soon old Maugre will have been a member of the Club for sixty years. Do you not think we should play a practical joke upon him? I am sure it would afford him unbounded satisfaction, once he had had time to see the humour of it.

TIMOTHY BRAXWELL

**DEAR BRAXWELL.**—I think your suggestion is perfectly splendid. By the way, would it not be kindly to admit Pettie to our plans? I do not like to think of his feeling

excluded from the fun. Have you any suggestions of the form that the jape should take? I diffidently recommend sneezing-powder in his umbrella.

CUTHBERT WEEBY

**DEAR WEEBY.**—I fully agree about Pettie and have already approached him. He is a most enthusiastic and helpful recruit and combines a fertile mind with a boyish heart. I fear I cannot go along with you in pursuing the sneezing-powder plan. As you have perhaps forgotten, old Maugre is a very noisy sneezer and there might be complaints to the Committee. What about an explosive cigar?

TIMOTHY BRAXWELL

**DEAR BRAXWELL.**—I cannot imagine how I overlooked the obvious objection to sneezing-powder. Would there not be a danger, were we to utilize an explosive cigar, of damage to Club property as, in the moment of surprise, old Maugre might allow it to drop upon the carpet?

CUTHBERT WEEBY

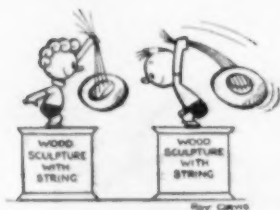
**DEAR WEEBY.**—Pettie is a dear fellow but, I am worried to find, a little given to over-elaboration. He wishes us to disguise ourselves as apaches and abduct old Maugre from the Club premises, first luring him into a secluded spot by a menacing note. We are none of us in our first youth and I feel we should eschew violence and concentrate on subtlety. At the moment, I incline to the use of a plate-lifter. These ingenious devices can be cheaply purchased and used over and over again. We must not forget that Stokes-Stevenson's Jubilee is not far ahead.

TIMOTHY BRAXWELL

**DEAR WEEBY AND BRAXWELL.**—I have thought of a spiffing wheeze! While old Maugre is asleep in the Library, we could dress up in the tiger-skins from the lounge and crawl up to him growling and bite him in the leg.

SIMON FREEBODY PETTIE

**DEAR BRAXWELL.**—I find this plan of Pettie's unpractical, and a thought undignified. I begin to feel



more and more strongly that the right approach is to attach a placard to old Maugre's back with some such jocular inscription as "Kick Me Hard."

CUTHBERT WEEBY

DEAR WEEBY.—You have indeed placed an unerring finger on the weak points of Pettie's scheme. How would you propose to attach this placard? I cannot help fearing that your idea assumes a manual dexterity that few of us possess. What about tying old Maugre's bootlaces together while he takes his afternoon nap?

TIMOTHY BRAXWELL

DEAR BRAXWELL.—Old Maugre wears shoes, not boots. I agree that this is not a fatal objection to your ingenious scheme: I mention it only in the interests of accuracy. Is not the simplest plan usually the best? What about the swift removal of his chair just as he is about to lower himself?

CUTHBERT WEEBY

DEAR FORTESCUE.—Those two young bouncers Braxwell and Weeby have now been members of the Club for half a century. I suggest we put them in their place by playing a practical joke upon them. Do you think their moustaches are inflammable?

EPHRAIM MAUGRE

P.S.—We might as well include young Pettie while we are about it. Being clean-shaven he will require something like a jumping-cracker.

R. G. G. PRICE

#### Got Anything to Read?

IT takes over fifty thousand books a year to keep Britain's merchant seamen adequately provided with reading-matter at sea. Gifts of books or magazines can help to meet this demand. Readers with books to spare are asked to send them to the Director, Seafarers' Education Service, Mansbridge House, 207 Balham High Road, London, S.W.17



#### PINT-POT PROPHECY

I HAVE known atom bombers  
Who met in public bars,  
And shattered Europe's commerce  
And heaved it to the stars;

Who formed select committees  
About the Day of Wrath,  
And blew ten thousand cities  
To nothingness like froth.

They asked if Uncle Joseph  
Had something up his sleeve—  
A new and rare explosive  
And a better one than we've.

Uncompromising fellows  
Who feared no stroke of fate

And built their Monte Bellos  
With biscuits on a plate.

Such is the small presidium  
That nightly at "The Sun"  
Resumes its racy idiom,  
But most I like the one

Who—Moscow smashed to pieces,  
And Rome in fragments piled,  
And Norway now where Greece is—  
Above his old-and-mild

Said, far beyond all wishing,  
"There's plenty now that's hid  
About this nucklier fishing.  
You mark my words." I did.

EVOE

## IF NONE, ANSWER "NONE"

WHENEVER I have to apply for a new driving licence I find myself engaged in a struggle with conscience which the authorities, whipping through the neatly completed form D.L.1, can have no inkling of. Mostly it is the form itself. The blunt, staccato questions make me feel, from the first line, like a disingenuous witness in the hands of hectoring counsel or an eleven-plus trying to get into a grammar school. I am face to face with authority, and in a matter which I cannot, without inconvenience, avoid.

"What," says the grim, shadowy figure (always slightly above my head and half hidden behind some sort of desk or bar), "what is your surname? What are your full Christian names? Answer in BLOCK CAPITALS and insert Mr., Mrs., Miss or as the case may be." It is the tone of the question that hurts. As it happens, my surname is a nursery by-word and my Christian names are standard jobs; but supposing I was a Pole, or christened Aloysius, or a baronet (or as the case might be)? It would be pretty terrible.

"What is your permanent address in Great Britain?" it goes on. "If none, answer NONE." As it happens, I have an address, but can I truthfully say it is permanent? Apart from anything else, I live in a New Town, where what the form calls track-laying vehicles are constantly pushing over people's permanent addresses. But supposing I had nothing even as approximately permanent as I have: supposing, like MERRILIES, MEG, Miss (age over 21), my bed it was the brown heath turf and my house was out of doors—what should I feel like, having this sneering question shot at me and this blunt answer virtually put into my mouth? Certainly not like saying "NONE." At the most I should say "None," probably "None." The printing of the form, in fact, is wrong here. It should read, "If NONE, answer 'None.'"

The next question is subtler. "What," says the voice of authority, "what kind of licence do you want?" "What do you want? What is it now?" says authority, lifting his faceless head from the dusty papers on his desk. "Why can't you leave me in peace? Well, go on, make up your mind. What is it you want?"

I know what I want. I want ALL GROUPS, as I had last time. But who am I, faced with this querulous exasperated question, to ask permission to drive heavy locomotives, light locomotives, motor tractors, heavy motor cars, motor cars and motor tricycles equipped with means for reversing, agricultural tractors, mowing machines or vehicles controlled by pedestrians, road rollers, track-laying vehicles steered by their tracks, motor bicycles (with or without sidecars) or tricycles not equipped with means for reversing, trolley vehicles, invalid carriages and vehicles exempted from duty under section 7 of the Act? Is it really necessary? Is it even honest or kind? I don't really want to drive heavy locomotives or track-laying vehicles steered by

their tracks, and it is, I know very well, only obstinacy that makes me say I do. As for those vehicles exempt under section 7, I cannot, in view of all that has gone before, even imagine what they might be.

Always, when it comes to the point, I do in fact answer "ALL GROUPS." But from that moment my conscience is clouded and I am on the defensive. On the hard facts, of course, I am reasonably sound. I know, for instance, that my age is over twenty-one and that no one has ever certified my competence to drive. But when I get into the medical section my doubts crowd in upon me. "Do you suffer from epilepsy or from sudden attacks of disabling giddiness or fainting?" says authority; and just as I am about to repudiate the suggestion with a light laugh, he adds: "Read Note F and answer YES or NO."

"If you are in doubt as to your answer," says Note F suddenly in my ear, "you should get professional advice." "Well, really," I say, "I mean—" "Are you," authority cuts in in a louder voice, "without hand or foot"—(Ha!)—"or are you suffering from any defect in movement, control or muscular power of either arm or leg?" "If you are in doubt—" whispers Note F again—"No!" I say, "No! I mean, no!" But by now I am sweating slightly. Have I not, in fact, been twitching a bit ever since I got the form from the post office this morning? But really—"Are you," says authority, playing his trump card, "are you suffering from any other disease, mental or physical, or disability which would be likely to cause the driving by you of a motor vehicle to be a source of danger to the public?"

This is too much. What about my love of dogs or my fear of bats? What about the time, only last April (I have a wireless in the car), when I won by a canvas at sixty miles an hour through a built-up area after being a canvas down at Barnes Bridge, and collapsed, exhausted, over my steering wheel just outside the cinema? Ought I to tell the authorities about the time near St. Albans when I was Boadicea and got out by the haystack to sharpen the scythes on my hub-caps? It was all right, of course, but supposing any of the public in those parts had still been wearing togas?

As for the last two questions, I always answer "Yes" (though I know a man who, when asked if he has studied the Highway Code, regularly answers "No" but gets his licence just the same—I suppose they think he is joking). But I am helped by the relative space allowed in the form for these two answers. The complete thing looks something like this:

16. Have you studied the Highway Code?	YES
17. Do you understand that (subject to statutory exceptions) it is an offence to use a motor vehicle on a road unless covered by insurance against third party risks? Answer YES or NO	YES

That is, in fact, about the size of it.

P. M. HUBBARD





**A GEORGE CROSS FOR THE HEROES OF MALAYA?**

"Thank you for coming out."

"Thank you for sticking it out."

## MISLEADING CASES

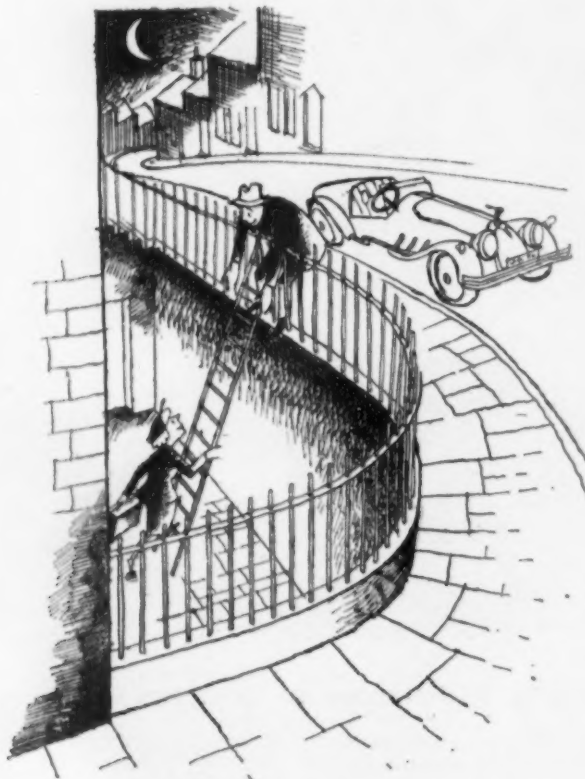
*Trout v. Celestial Publicity Ltd. and Broot -- I*

THE House of Lords to-day discussed a conundrum on the law of defamation which has long provoked and puzzled our leading jurists.

The Lord Chancellor said: This is an appeal by Sir Wesley Trout, M.P., from a decision by the Court of Appeal (Lord Justice Rutt dissenting) reversing a decision of Mr. Justice Plush in the Queen's Bench Division. The facts are simple. The appellant, a retired man of business, stood for Parliament at the recent by-election for Hammerton (West). He was "adopted" not long before

the election, was new to the neighbourhood, as well as to political life, and had little time to captivate the fifty thousand electors. The respondent company offered their aid. The ordinary methods, they said, of poster, canvassing, and public meeting, always expensive and exhausting, would in his case be quite ineffective as well: for if he travelled and talked all day and all night he would still be unable to make his presence, his personality, and opinions, sufficiently felt. They suggested, therefore, the use of the air. One plan was to fly a helicopter

slowly over Hammerton, at the lawful height, and to lower the candidate, by a long rope, to roof-level, or near it, in a comfortable chair, from which he could address the unfortunate citizens without fear of interruption or correction, through the barbarous instrument known as a "loud-hailer." This, as your Lordships heard with horror, was successfully done more than once. Another plan, which is the cause of this litigation, was to advertise the candidate's name and nobility over the borough by a procedure known as "sky-writing." Here, it appears, an aircraft picks out some simple message in huge letters formed of smoke or vapour, high in the sky. Whatever the message, the spectacle of the soaring machine is sure to capture the attention of every street for many miles. The respondents first sent up a pilot, Mr. Broot, to "write" upon the pale-blue dome of heaven the words ALL OUT FOR TROUT; and this was a big success, doing more to get the candidate's name into the people's heads than numerous posters and meetings. The next was TROUT IS ALWAYS RIGHT. Unhappily there was a calligraphic error, and the last word began with a T, making it TIGHT. It was a fine still day, the message hung in the sky for half an hour, and was read by vast hilarious crowds. The pilot apologized, no malice was suspected—after all, a man flying at a great height, vertically or upside down, may easily make literal mistakes—and the next day Mr. Broot was ordered aloft again. This time the message was SEND TROUT IN: but the appellant was horrified, and the crowds were delighted, when the last word was done, to read SEND TROUT CIN. "What a bungler!" thought the innocent appellant: and that was all he thought. The machine passed on to another part of the sky where it was to write a second battle cry: VOTE FOR TROUT THE PUBLIC FRIEND. This, according to the respondent company, was designed



as a pleasant parallel to "the Public Trustee" and a sly reply to the tall talk of Sir Wesley's rival about the benefits of Public Ownership. But the respondent Broot wrote clearly on the sky VOTE FOR TROUT THE PUBLICANS FRIEND. (He even tried, according to the evidence, to depict an apostrophe after the "s" in PUBLICANS.) He then flew off to a distant airfield, landed, and left the country at once.

Later, it emerged that Broot was a supporter of a small but subversive political party, and had a personal spite against Sir Wesley, from one of whose factories he had been dismissed some years earlier. "Celestial Publicity Limited" were innocent, in fact, but were technically responsible for Mr. Broot's behaviour: and Sir Wesley sued both for defamation. Sir Wesley is not, in fact, a teetotaler, and indeed is reasonably tolerant of the use of alcohol (as wine is now described), but no more. The seat is a "safe" one, and the accusations in the sky were not enough to lose it: but he complains they have stuck. Small boys cry after him "Boozer!" or "Trout, the human fish!" On the other hand many electors, it seems, thought the better of him: and many who did not thought that he had been hardly used and voted accordingly.

The trouble is—not for his country, we may be sure, but for himself—that he was successful in the election. Nor, having "retired," can he claim that he has been injured in any professional capacity. In other words, he could offer no evidence that he has suffered any actual damage from the celestial insults of which he complains. That would not matter if they were indubitably in the nature of libel, if Mr. Broot had written his foul words on a postcard or published them in a newspaper. For then, damage or no, he, and his employers, without any doubt, would be liable: and such was the finding of Mr. Justice Plush. But the respondents claim that the defamation, if any, was no more than a slander, so that some damage must be shown: and such was the finding of the majority of the Court of Appeal (Lord Justice Rutt dissenting).



Your Lordships, then, must wearily consider once more the question to which, for so many decades, so many judges, juries, and jurists have given so much time, thought and toil: have we here a libel or a slander? We shall, I fear, be discussing it for many decades more: for a Defamation Bill, now well on its way to the Statute Book, does little to modify, and nothing to remove, an old but accidental distinction which many good minds regard as vicious and valueless, which does not exist in Scotland, but is preserved like a sacred relic in this part of our island.

My Lords, I need not tell you, but I must—for the instruction of less learned men and the full employment of typists and printers—what that distinction is. Upon the best authority, a text-book, in libel the defamatory statement is made in some permanent and visible form, such as writing, printing, or effigies: in slander it is made in spoken words or in some other transitory form, whether visible or audible, such as gestures, hissing, or other inarticulate but significant sounds.

In which category are we to place insults which are conveyed by smoke or vapour high above the earth's surface? They are visible: they are in the form of legible letters: they are described by the

respondents themselves as "writing" of a sort. But they are certainly not "permanent": they begin to dwindle as soon as they are made, and in ordinary conditions of wind and weather are not decipherable, perhaps, for more than ten minutes. After that they are a memory, no more. No man can say to his wife or child "Come out and see what they have written about Trout"; for there is nothing to see. Vapour is not like a postcard, a paper, a caricature, which can be passed from hand to hand. It is much more like a rude word, or derogatory speech, "gone with the wind," or, in the words of the authorities, "transitory in form." On the other hand, these particular insults were conveyed to the minds of millions and will remain there longer, it may be, than anything that they read on a postcard or even in a newspaper. My Lords, I think it will be convenient if we now have lunch and continue our discussion on another day.

The House adjourned.

A. P. H.

"Sir Frederick: I have looked at two or three of these books. Some I don't like, but one or two here I think are indecent."—*Manchester Guardian*  
Would you now care to add anything to that statement, Sir Frederick?

## SLOW-COACH

WELL, the fanatics rolled up on the opening day; a pause of them before the gates opened. Its members were unanimous. If the Arsenal, Manchester United and Newcastle could do it, so could the Rovers. No more floundering near the bottom of the League. There had been a clearing out.

A tall thin man wearing a voluminous pair of light flannel trousers had the inside information. He might look as if he were up to the waist in steam, but he knew that the new trainer was concentrating on twenty-yard sprints instead of a ten-mile walk on the morning of the match.

But, he proceeded, the chief improvement was the new coach. He was one of those who had crossed to the Continent and built up teams capable of humbling our best. No twenty-thousand-pound transfer fees for him. Had he not arrived in the south of France, entered the nearest vineyard and engaged the first eleven young men he saw? Did he not raise their status by keeping them at footwork all day instead of squirting wine into their mouths from those there bladders? He did. Everybody knew that now.

"But what about Tonkers?" put in a short man in an American sports-shirt with a collar so large

that the points had to be tucked beneath his braces.

"Tonkers?" the thin man asked.

"Tonkers."

The short man stepped in. He said the club had done itself a lot of good by not selling Tonkers. Tonkers could shoot. Look at the time when he took that penalty against the Albion. If the ball had caught the Albion goalie under the chin he'd have been spinning yet. And there was the occasion when a smoker of his whizzed past the post and collided with a spectator behind the goal, one who had been imploring the side to shoot or go home. It was the only time he remembered

the trainer having to bring his sponge and bottle into the crowd.

Tonkers could dribble and swerve. There was the cup-tie when he had the entire opposition running the wrong way. One or two were so mazy that they wandered into the wrong dressing-room at half-time. It was one of Tonkers' days out, that was. Unfortunately, he had his own side running the wrong way too, but that was because they didn't recognize pure science when they saw it. If he remembered aright that was the match before the game when the Rovers' forward line held two Os—O'Shea and O'Mahoney.

"Three Os," the thin man interrupted.

"Two Os."

"Three," the thin man insisted. "O'Shea, O'Mahoney and Oh Tonkers! He 'ad an off-day that afternoon."

The short man let it go.

"By the way, where's 'Arry?" he asked.

"'Arry," the thin man said. "He's bought a season ticket. Goes in by the special gate. Had a bit over from his 'oliday money, so he plunged."

The thin man went on to explain how Harry explained the advantages of a season ticket. Instead of standing in the ordinary queues and being held up by someone tendering a spade-guinea or the like, you walked in comfortably. No hearing cheers and roars coming over the wall while a frantic message came along the queue asking if anybody had any small silver.

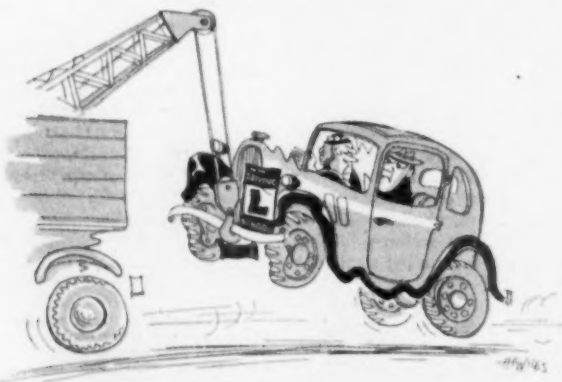
And you got your money back on the first-team games. The reserves were free. You were thus enabled to see the ingredients and sort out the cakes that wouldn't rise. Moreover, when the gates were closed, season-ticket holders were still admitted—except that they did not shake hands with you—as calmly as if you were walking into chapel.

And by the time this new coach had inculcated his L plan, the thin man pursued, the gates would be often closed. In another month or so there would be a great changes. The Rovers would hit the headlines...

Well, they did. It happened in the seventh week of the season. The *Daily Cannonball* ran a streamer—BINSTABLE ROVERS STILL POINTLESS.

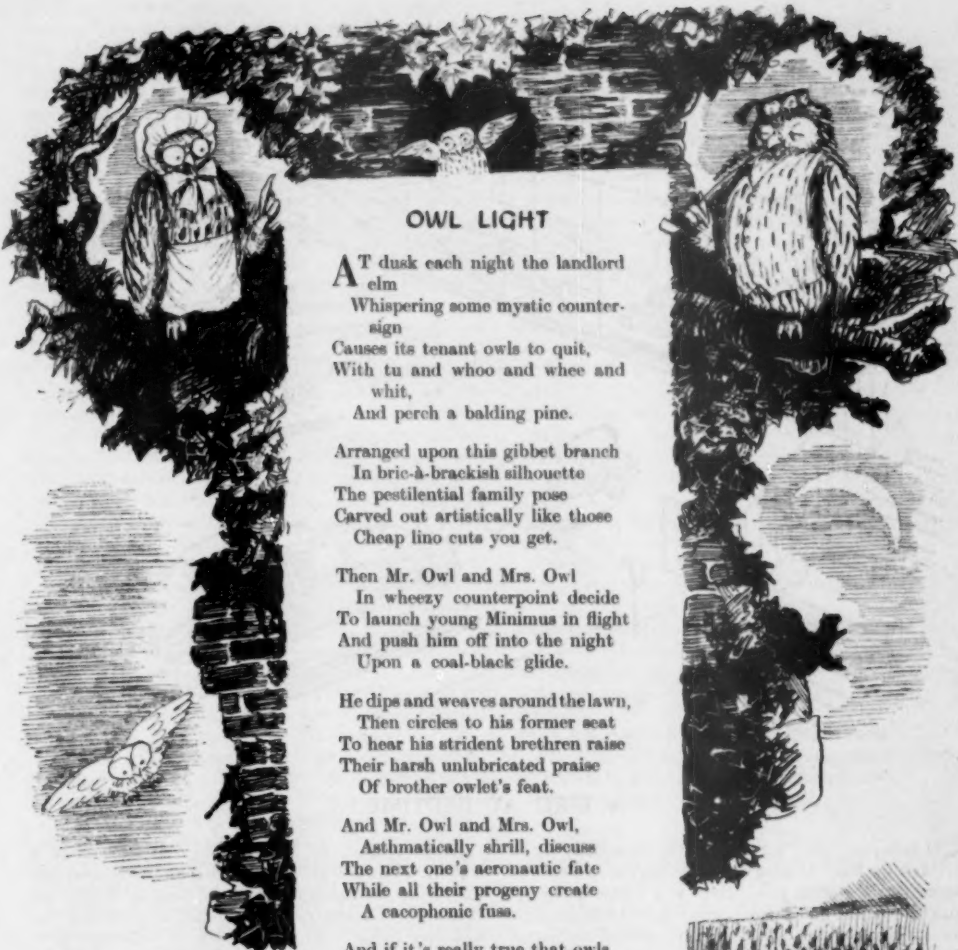
"How's 'Arry going on with 'is season ticket?" the short man asked the thin man.

"It's awful," was the reply. "He can't get out of it, it's not transferable. He says it's like being in trouble and 'aving to report to the police every week."



"This won't be included in my bour's lesson, will it?"





### OWL LIGHT

AT dusk each night the landlord  
elm  
Whispering some mystic counter-  
sign

Causes its tenant owls to quit,  
With tu and whoo and whee and  
whit,  
And perch a balding pine.

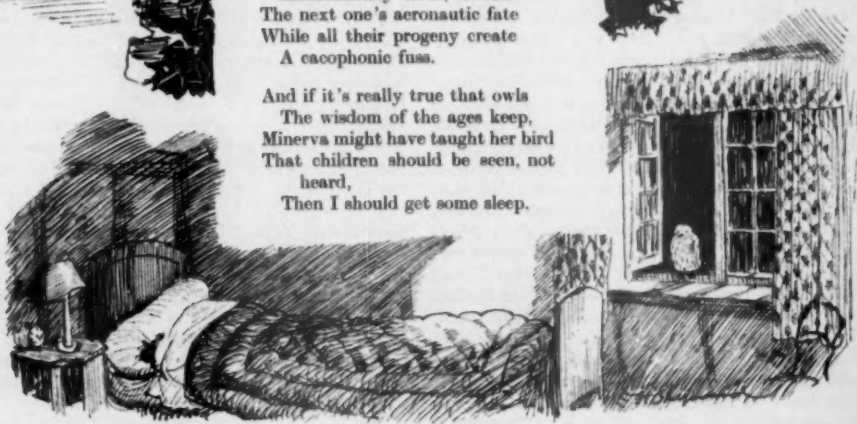
Arranged upon this gibbet branch  
In bric-a-brackish silhouette  
The pestilential family pose  
Carved out artistically like those  
Cheap lino cuts you get.

Then Mr. Owl and Mrs. Owl  
In wheezy counterpoint decide  
To launch young Minimus in flight  
And push him off into the night  
Upon a coal-black glide.

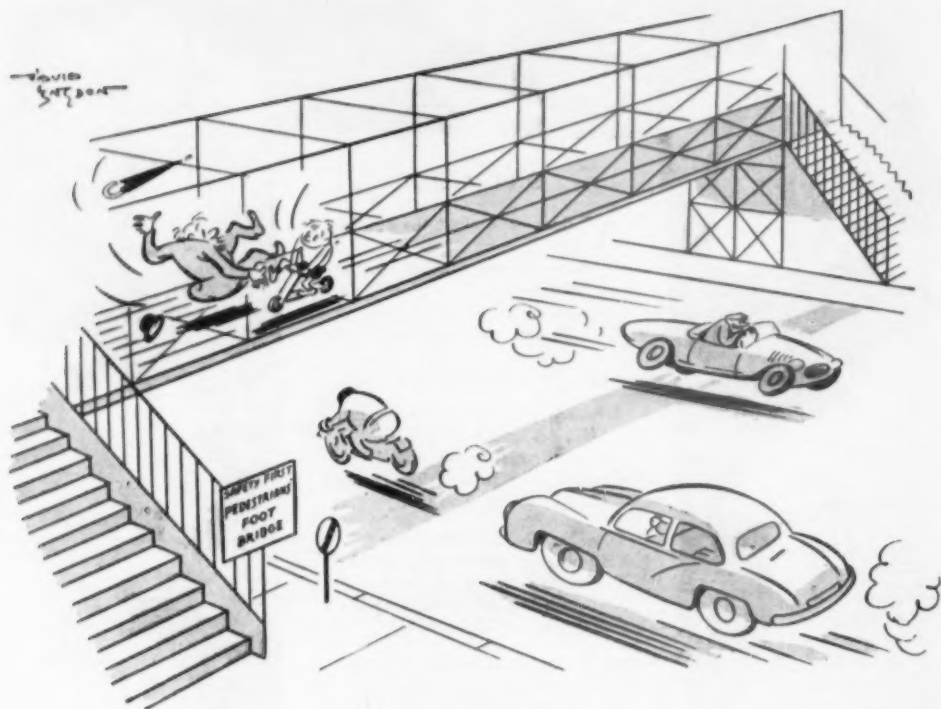
He dips and weaves around the lawn,  
Then circles to his former seat  
To hear his strident brethren raise  
Their harsh unlubricated praise  
Of brother owlet's feat.

And Mr. Owl and Mrs. Owl,  
Asthmatically shrill, discuss  
The next one's aeronautic fate  
While all their progeny create  
A cacophonous fuss.

And if it's really true that owls  
The wisdom of the ages keep,  
Minerva might have taught her bird  
That children should be seen, not  
heard,  
Then I should get some sleep.







### A BIRD AT BEDTIME

SO this man said "I represent the Prosperity Trust and we have decided to make everybody rich and we're starting with you. Here is a billion pounds," and he was just going on to explain how I could indent for further supplies when this bird started staring at me. Just sitting on the end of the bed and mocking me with a quizzical sneer. It is perhaps a mocking-bird, except that I think of them as somehow more unwieldy. And not so fierce. It is perhaps a mock woodcock, or if there is a kind of goading-bird, that might be it. What it is trying to do is to goad me into getting up and switching on the light. Then it will vanish and make a fool of me. But, if it only knew, it is barking up the wrong creek, because what I shall do is lie here, forget that I have been reading Buffon, and try to get in touch with the Prosperity Trust again.

One way of getting to sleep is to will every part of your body separately to relax, presumably leaving the will until last. This may be all very well for people without birds on the end of their beds. If my will thinks *my* reflexes are going off duty just because I will them to, it's crazy. I'm in a state of constant

vigilance against the feathered foe. It has moved a little now and is watching me with its beady eyes and chattering menacingly. It is perhaps a Waxen, or Bohemian, Chatterer, which would account for the odd time it has come to visit me, or a Carunculated Chatterer, which is a native of (i) Cayenne and (ii) Brazil, which would account for the chattering, which would perhaps stop if I fed it on (i) pepper and (ii) nuts. If I could measure it I should know for certain: the W. chatterer is eight inches long, the C. chatterer twelve inches. In a book on birds which I have they show the size of each bird by giving a map of England and Wales to the same scale. All I can remember about the Waxen chatterers is that according to Buffon they wander in flocks all over Europe, and were formerly superstitiously considered as a presage of pestilence. As far as I'm concerned that's one superstition they can resurrect from now. "In his scholarly article 'Some Neglected Superstitions' he lays bare many of the phalaropes of our nuthatch-ridden society . . ."

Hullo. That was the Prosperity Trust man again. I didn't shut my eyes, but he suddenly bobbed up.

He was probably surprised to find me awake. Or perhaps he was frightened away by the bird, which I can now distinguish a little more clearly. Perhaps it has been eating carrots. It has a flat head with a stiff fringe on top and a long ungainly beak, and it seems probable, to judge from the noisy and uninhibited attacks it is making on the bed, that it is a kind of woodpecker, or rather of brasspecker. It may, however, be a bittern. Once bittern, twice shy. One good turn . . . Steady, old lad. Close the eyes and relax. The bird has seized the chance to make a noise like a church clock striking five, which, unless the bird is fast, means that I have been lying awake for an hour and a half. The bird has just turned in a very poor imitation of a cockerel. I wonder if there would be any money in breeding cockerels that wouldn't crow until half-past nine.

Not that the world needs more birds: I find it hard enough at the moment to keep them out of my life. I have even seen a soap advertisement that, for reasons which now escape me, mentioned the mythical Chinese Ho Ho Bird, symbol of Peace and War. It is probable that this, unknown to the soap industry, is the bird which also alights on the Bo Tree, a kind of Banyan. I ought perhaps to write to the papers to make this known to those who do crossword puzzles and would not get "Chinese Ho Ho" as the answer to "Oriental mirth on Bo Tree? (7,2,2)." If a bird comes in a crossword puzzle it is *usually* an emu or a merganser. There isn't room in this bedroom for an emu, so the bird on the bed must be a merganser. I wonder if there are any germs near (anag.).

"If you had a billion pounds would you abolish germs or provide rest centres for the shearwater, or Manks puffin, as it is called by Willoughby?"

There. The Prosperity Trust man as clear as the European Service, and that bird has to butt in again. I suppose it thinks it's clever to perch on the end of my Bo Tree and make a noise like a tram. Well, I can tell it that it's not in the *least* clever: it's merely vulgar. Buffon would scarcely think it worth mention if a bird were able to imitate, say, a barouche or a curicle. Probably the Motmot, for example, was perfectly capable of imitating a mailcoach ("Imitates a mailcoach and reverses a native drum (6)"), but Buffon passes it over, as far as I remember, in tactful silence. He would, I feel sure, ignore also a bird which imitated the rather refined pips of the B.B.C. in a fruitless, nay, a *bootless* endeavour to persuade me that it is now seven o'clock. Nobody could stay awake as long as all that and keep as sane as all this. Anything might happen. Death from insomnia, for one thing. Like *Darkness at Noon*, where they kept shining a bright light on him while he tried to think. It will do the bird no good to shine a bright light on me; I shall simply turn away from the window. My lips are slightly tealed. The bird has now flown on to the table and is imitating an alarm clock. But no Spotted Grosbeak will fool me like that. I shall just put my head under the bedclothes and sleep right through it.

## GOSSIPS

BRIGHT forms the gardens thronged. Serenely, strongly,

The sun beat down. 'Twas good to be alive.  
Many there present, if I judged not wrongly,  
Would aid the dollar drive.

I paused and saw, ending a perfect vista,  
Geraniums red, brown wall, and azure sky;  
And on my heel there was a painful blister  
(Poe made that rhyme, not I).

In such a scene it is my frequent practice  
To muse upon humanity at large  
For others' good; and an important fact is  
I do it free of charge.

The seat was hard (such is the sage's guerdon—  
There was no mossy bank);  
Empty, it faced the view, and there I sank  
To muse, while songbirds piped a pleasant burden.

Slowly, from calm and tranquil meditation  
(That I was drowsy cannot be denied)  
I woke, and at my side  
Heard gossips twain with busy susurrations

Exchanging recipes, opinions, fruitdrops  
And confidences ranging far and free,  
Tireless as tabbies till the well-aimed boot drops,  
And quite ignoring me.

From the deep cisterns of their recollection  
They damned the present and deplored the past,  
And when I fancied (subject to correction)  
The chat must end at last

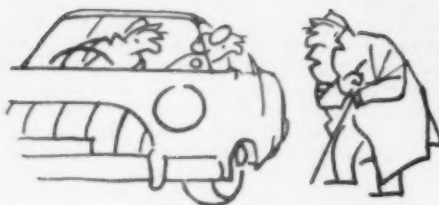
It still went on, *cantoris* and *decani*,  
Till thought was drowned, and dulled the edge of  
sense;  
Seeing that any hope of peace was vain, I  
Rose and departed thence.



Torgerson



"How do you get to Winbury?—"



"Straight on to the cross-roads, and then turn left."

"Turn left, yes."

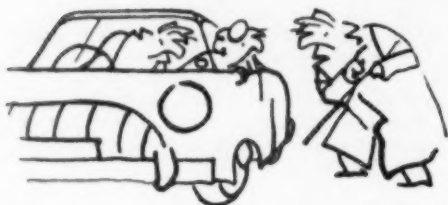


"Then up the hill and turn right at the church."

"Right at the church, yes."



"Then right again opposite the Wheatsheaf, which takes you down past a white mill." "A white mill."



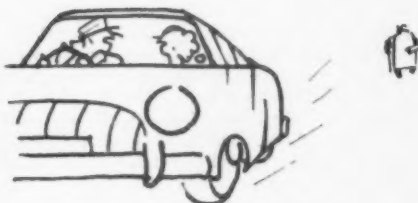
"Turn left on the other side of the mill, and follow down a narrow lane for almost a mile and a half." "A mile and a half, yes, yes."



"And that will bring you right out on to the main Winbury-Maribchester road, and there you are."



"Oh, thank you so much, thank you, thank you . . ."



. . . What was it he said?"

"YOU CAN'T MISS IT"



*"Yes, we had a wonderful tour, and thank you so much for looking after them . . . I expect they're delighted to be in their own home again."*

### THE AGENT AND THE LADY

"SEE," said the agent to his lady-client,  
 "How well worth while your wait of seven  
 years;  
 Observe this lever, feather-light and pliant,  
 Which operates the Panselctive gears—  
 So free of trouble are these Hyper-12s  
 That one might say they almost drive themselves.

The Screwball head (with patent foam injection)  
 Ensures you five to ninety-five in top;  
 The teapot-action springs give ride-perfection;  
 The Suredisk brakes ensure a rapid stop;  
 While, strength with beauty handsomely combining,  
 Each white-walled tyre contains a Krashprufe lining.

Should rain begin to fall, this Tonneaumaster  
 Electrically lifts the folding head;  
 The Globrite lamps, of anosed alabaster,  
 Light by themselves when the last daylight's  
 sped;  
 And should you crave refreshment as you go,  
 This built-in kettle boils in half a mo."

The lady sank upon the Pneufoam seating,  
 Gently engaged the Neodryve transmission,  
 And, as the agent watched her swift retreating,  
 Became involved in a severe collision.  
*Perhaps, the agent thought, I ought to stress  
 This "drives-itself" idea a little less.*

B. A. YOUNG

## For Salesmen, Chiefly

THE 1953 models assembled at Earl's Court show that immense strides have been made in car design since last year.

I say this without troubling to go and look (indeed at the time of writing the Show is not yet open). Immense strides have been made every year since cars began, if manufacturers' specifications are to be trusted. The process has been so regular that those of us who bought cars in the early 'thirties—and still drive them, if all the truth were known—may well be astonished, after mentally subtracting the advances of twenty years, that those quaint old vehicles ever went at all.

There is not in my own mind the slightest doubt that manufacturers' specifications *are* to be trusted. I have been journeying long enough in this vale of woe to have had most of the dew brushed off my feet and the stars in my eyes irretrievably extinguished. I am well aware that those who make goods for sale to the public sometimes put forward claims for them that experience proves to be exaggerated. Thus the statement that this or that car, or toothbrush, is the world's best for appearance, dependability and smooth cornering leaves me unmoved. It may be so, or it may not. But a specification is a specification. When a manufacturer says, of his new model, that the hypoid bevel gear is rigidly supported in exceptionally widely spaced taper-roller bearings,\* only a fool would disbelieve him. It is a matter of fact, of simple measurement. No reputable



from being exceptional, was merely standard.

We may agree, then, that progress in car-design has been, and is, continuous and remarkable. Since the end of the war the question has been, admittedly, of purely academic interest in this country. It has not, that is, affected the relations of seller and home-buyer one jot or tittle. A man either could, or could not, afford a new car. If he could, the only course open to him was to put his name down for a car of some make or other that seemed to have a pretty good general reputation. It was a pure waste of time for him to inquire whether the double-acting telescopic shock-absorbers in the contemporary model of his chosen make were or were not angle-mounted; for, by the time his dealers rang up to say that his car awaited collection, progress might well have swept shock-absorbers out of existence. Still less, when that great day arrived and he called round at the garage, was he likely to argue, after a brief inspection of the new car, that as the axle shafts were

firm would risk making a claim that could be disproved by anyone who cared to take down the rear axle, whip out a pair of callipers, and call upon the bystanders to witness that the space between the taper-roller bearings, far

clearly not induction-hardened† he would prefer to put his name down for a So-and-so and wait another five years rather than take home so outmoded a piece of machinery.

But, so they say, these days are nearly over. "The honeymoon of the seller's market," observes Mr. C. H. Fisher, President of the British Motor Trade Association, "is drawing to a close." More and more models are being released from restrictions and "covenants," and any day now a man may be able to walk into Earl's Court, or a local showroom, lay his forefinger on a gleaming bonnet and say "I'll have *that* one." This means that salesmanship will be coming into its own again, and moves me to say a few gratuitous words of advice to the trade.

It is possible to *overdo* the rate of progress. Pre-war salesmanship was based on the assumption that all motorists worthy of the name bought a new car every year. (The assumption was false, as I am in a position to know, but it served.) The only question was which of some twenty or thirty models within his price-range the customer was going to try this time. So, of course, the makers angled for him with every bit of progress they could contrive to cram into their catalogues. Novel suspension systems, unheard-of brake linings, automatic torque-resisters—these things turned the scale. A man might not, to his knowledge, have been greatly bothered by torque during the past year's motoring; but the promise that, should such a thing crop up in the future, it would

\* This statement was made of a last year's model, in actual fact. The new catalogues no doubt take so elementary a feature for granted.

† The reader may feel that so unconvincing an expression as "induction-hardened" shows a sad lack of inventive imagination on the writer's part. It does. I got it from a trade magazine.





automatically be resisted on his behalf was a considerable comfort. The more things that flipped and flapped, glowed, buzzed, indicated, opened and shut automatically, rinsed, locked, jacked, self-adjusted or were made of hundred-ton heat-treated steel the better. He would enjoy these benefits without delay, and if *next year's* model proved to have another half-dozen gadgets, and perhaps clutch-plates made of oatmeal into the bargain, well then he would trade-in as usual and enjoy those too.

But what if, after the first rush is over, the post-war buyer reckons he can only afford a new car once in five or ten years? It seems a possible contingency, unless everybody has more money than is strictly legal under present arrangements. The temptation in such circumstances, unless manufacturers play down the mad rush of improvements, is to hang on for just one more year in order not to miss next autumn's astonishing new features. Already hundreds of thousands of motorists have made the dangerous discovery that the process of hanging on for just one more year can be

continued almost indefinitely; there is decay, certainly, but not the expected dissolution; and anything that tends to harden this hitherto involuntary practice into a habit will be, from the manufacturers' point of view, disastrous.

Salesmen then, if my premises are correct, face something of a dilemma at future Motor Shows. They have to convince the potential purchaser that the current model represents the absolute conceivable peak of perfection in every way, so that nothing is to be gained by waiting. The impression must be given that the firm's designers, having completed their task, have all been retired on full pay. So far there is no difficulty. Any competent salesman could do it on his head. The difficulty arises the following year, when the peak of perfection must again be reached—but *not the same peak*. It will never do for the idea to get round that a particular model has actually stood still since last year; all that is required is the belief that it is going to stand still *next year*. The dilemma is to achieve this *without*, in course of time, causing the public to lose

confidence in what the salesman says.

Now that I have posed, not without labour, this tremendous problem for salesmen, an uneasy feeling creeps over me that no problem arises. I had forgotten what a fool the public is. The simple fact, now I come to reflect upon it, is that the public has no confidence in what the salesman says anyway; the public strides into Earl's Court, confident in the strength of its own judgment and its invulnerability to mere sales-talk. And within three minutes the public is nodding and smiling and twiddling its umbrella and crying "Does she, by Jove!" and "I see, yes," and "That's a point, certainly." The public's lack of confidence in what the salesman says is restricted to times when the salesman is not actually talking. That is why the salesman never stops. H. F. ELLIS





**E**VEN the faintest echo of John Dos Passos, he thought, would add atmosphere and urgency to the report. History repeated itself, didn't it? The Tin Lizzie (remember the Model T?) engineered a new revolution,

a social revolution, an economic revolution. Call it a socio-economic revolution. Any colour you like, said the great automobileer, provided it's black.

That was 'twenty-three.

In 1945 the war-weary, hungry, hopeful world gathered its remaining strength and spurred for Peace. Giovanni Tintorini, Joe Dokes, Jean Duprés and Alf Higgins, not forgetting Alf Higgins, switched from barrack-room dreams of glory and homes for heroes and rooms with views and three acres and a cow and two cars in every garage to the hard reality of cold war economics and the dollar shortage.

Houses and cars. House-hunger, car-hunger.

Where were the "Volkswagens," the dirt-cheap British family four-seaters?

**PURCHASE TAX ON CARS UPPED  
RECORD EXPORTS TO U.S.A.**

"Pleased to," said the dealer, with forced enthusiasm. "Mind, I can't promise anything. If you'd said sixteen or twenty h.p. I might have managed it for you, as a

special favour, but the eights and tens are hopeless. Waiting-list long as your arm. Still, never know, do we? Keep in touch. Keep in touch."

"Couldn't we get a second-hand car, Alf? The Bennetts seem to get along all right in theirs." But the Bennetts have a garage, and Mr. Bennett made a packet in the war:

*Used Cars. 1933 Ironklad Saloon, overhauled, resprayed, etc. Black with brown leather, immaculate — £775.*

And there was not a dog's chance of getting a building licence. Not even for a dog kennel.

In the Science Museum, London, the student of kickstarting kickshaws can inspect the "Wolf-muller," one of the earliest petrol-driven two-wheelers. Eighteen ninety-four. It looks like an ordinary pedal cycle fitted with an engine: in fact it bears more than a slight resemblance to the engine-assisted bicycles of 1952. Full circle.

For sixty-odd years the motor bike grew less like a bike, became heavier, bigger, faster, much faster. Dust goggles, mud and numbing reverberations from the chromium fish-tail exhausts. The star of speed-way and by-pass and police patrol.

For sixty-odd years the motor bike remained essentially, almost exclusively, the young man's fancy.

Too old at forty? Too old at thirty? Steel wrists, nerves like whipcord. The rider crouches, arms splayed, with a volcano between his knees.

And then it happened.

Kathleen Troddle. Mrs. Troddle is the district nurse. She parks her autocycle on the garden path, throws an old mackintosh over it. Thirty m.p.h. and one hundred m.p.g. Her machine is one of the two hundred and fifty thousand on the roads of Britain.





Mary Deepdale. Punctually at 8.45 every morning (Mon. to Fri.) Mrs. Deepdale pushes her slick "streamlined" motor scooter out of the garage. She manoeuvres it into position, lunges at the kickstart, lunges at the kickstart, fiddles with the twist-grip throttle control on the right handle-bar, lunges at the kickstart, frowns, opens the petrol tap, lunges at the kickstart, grins and settles herself comfortably on the saddle. Madge, her daughter, climbs on to the pillion. As they race down the drive Mrs. Deepdale swings her feet from the gravel to the platform. In twelve minutes the machine pulls up outside the village school.

Norman Bickerley. Before the war, the war after the war to end wars plus one, Norm was fifth gardener at Coppard House. Now he's a jobbing gardener and the best snooker player at the Legion. Norm swears by his "popper," the old push-bike fitted with a bijou 25 cc. engine. Twenty-seven pound ten, no purchase tax. Two fifty miles to the gallon. Made all the difference, Norm's "popper" has. Home to lunch without any trouble; and if the engine stalls you can always fall back on the pedals.

SCOOTER CRAZE SWEEPS EUROPE  
IT'S HERE!

BRITAIN WELCOMES THE SMARTEST,  
SLEEKEST, FRIENDLIEST GO-CAR  
ON TWO WHEELS!

IT'S NEW, IT'S SENSATIONAL!  
ITALY'S BEAUTIBIKE—THE  
"CHIRRUP."

FOR REAL FUN AND "ENVY ME"  
MOTORING GET A "CHIRRUP" NOW!

More than half a million scooters, "poppers" and auto-cycles on the roads of Britain. And more to come, many more. Half a million pottering, phut-phuttering two-stroke engines under half a million seats. Half a million people travelling sedately, almost demurely.

At first we laughed at the scooters. They were so near to the ground,

like ducks. Yet the riders were mechanical hares. Women (and men) seemed to ride casually side-saddle, tensionless, disinterested and detached, with time to stare and nod and wave and pass the time of day with pavement pedestrians. It seemed funny after the fretful pre-occupation with speed of earlier modes of locomotion. (Mrs. Deepdale rides to the shopping centre, slows from twenty-five to fifteen m.p.h. "Good morning," she says, "and how's little Charlie? Oh, I'm so glad. See you, then, at the Institute on Wednesday.")

It seemed funny to see people moving on the roads with all the dignity of people in punts, or lifts, or horse-drawn coaches. Perhaps it was funny.

Why did it happen?

Well, we know, don't we, all the economic answers? (Where were the Volkswagens, the dirt-cheap British family four-seaters?) But is there something more? Are we tiring of speed for speed's sake? Mrs. Troddle thinks so.

But Norm Bickerley has another theory. "It's all part of wanting to get back," he says, "to the good old days. In 'forty-six, after a bellyful of jets and such, I wanted a pony and trap and an espidistra and a nice bit of stripy wallpaper and..."

"We couldn't very well afford a car and a television, could we?" says Mrs. Deepdale.

The motor manufacturers don't know what to think. Scooters are all right in Italy, they say, where the weather's reasonably predictable, but they'll never get very far over here. They may hit the ordinary push-bike. *May*. Not cars though. You can't picnic in a scooter, you can't flirt, you can't talk; you can't take the baby or the

dog in a scooter, you can't sing or listen to the wireless. And scooters don't have heaters. Take P.T. off cars and then you'll see...

Yes, but what about the iniquitous tax on petrol, guv?

Sometimes one wonders where it will all end. If two wheels are cheaper than four, one wheel may be cheaper than two. In Germany they've already produced a "one wheel" train, the mono-rail. So how about a single-wheeled motor-cycle? The uni-cycle? Maximum speed, say, ten m.p.h. Five hundred miles to the gallon (after February 1 1953) and real comfort-in-action travel.

"UNIMOKE"

Ideal for "Have-Not Country"  
Motoring

It folds! Pops into the Shopping-bag! No parking fees!

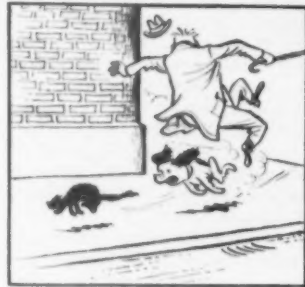
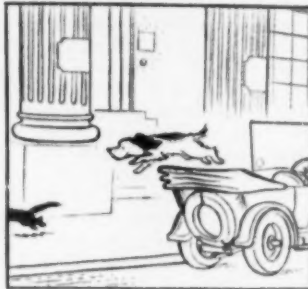
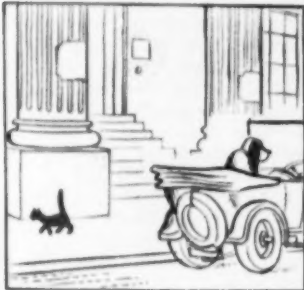
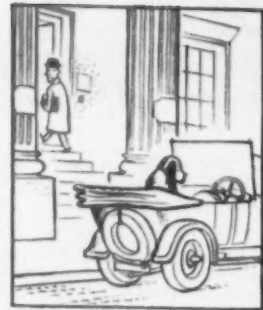
And carries five adults or eight children in reasonable comfort.

Get a "UNIMOKE"—to-day!

But will it end there? No wheel is obviously cheaper than one, and the prophets are simply itching to predict a sensational revival of pedestrianism. Let's make it 1990 or thereabouts.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD







## HIRE AND HIRE

THE car made its way with reluctance up the cliff road to the hotel, and the man alighted with a flourish.

"Mr. Bolroy?" he said respectfully, touching his cap.

I let it pass.

"Is that it?" I said.

It is not difficult to hire a car to drive in Jersey. At a rough estimate I should say that for every Jerseyman making a living out of cattle and tomatoes there are about forty-seven making a fortune out of hiring cars.

"That's it, sir," said the man. He put his foot against one wing, and pressed, and went round the front to check for symmetry. "Ready to drive away," he said, bending to straighten a corner of the number-plate.

"Ah," I said, non-committally, and went round the back, closely pursued. The tyres were the baldest I'd seen—and I'm a man who was in Naples when two cars out of three were running on the rims. I was about to remark on this when the man forestalled me. "Very funny thing happened about the coach-work, this car," he said. "See what I mean? Looks kind of, you know." It did indeed. I touched it curiously. "Careful, sir," said the man. "Comes off, see, want to watch out, clothes and suchlike. What I was going to tell you. Did a re-cellulosing job on her, not five, six weeks back. Just finished, letter comes from the firm who supplied

the stuff: very sorry, could they 'ave it all returned, forgotten to put in the whatever-it-is makes the shiny finish, see? Well, I mean—all our work wasted, naturally."

"Too bad," I said. "And what about the——?"

"Smashing little car, these," said the man.

"Yes. I was wondering——"

"Everdrove one?" said the man.

"No. Is this the——?"

"Don't know what you've missed," said the man. "Go for ever, these. Lovely. 'Course, terrible roads these. No use wasting new tyres on 'em. Cut to ribbons in no time. That happens, feel obliged to charge the customer, naturally. Very hard lines, gentleman on holiday. Eight pounds, 'ad to ask a gent for only last week. Shocking. One of my other cars, that was."

I said that I supposed he hadn't got one of his other cars free, but he shook his head decisively.

"Where it is, see—end of the season, gettin' them all serviced, no good letting a car go to rack and ruin, love's labour lost, that is. But you'll have no trouble with—That door's a mite stiff, sir; best open it from the inside."

I opened it from the inside, got in and shut it. It didn't seem shut.

"That's shut," said the man, before I could speak. "That won't come open, that won't. You've got a smashing little car, there."

The wheel seemed slightly more than arm's length away and I tried

to shift the seat forward a few notches without success.

"You don't want that seat forward," said the man, fastidiously picking a fallen leaf off the bonnet. "Want plenty of foot-room in the island. No speed limit here. Only needs a bit sluggish getting from the 'celerator to the brake and you're under an excursion coach. Thought I'd better tell you."

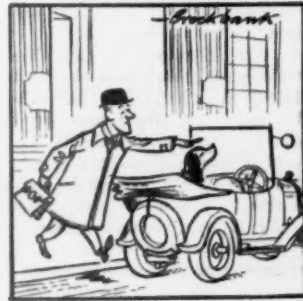
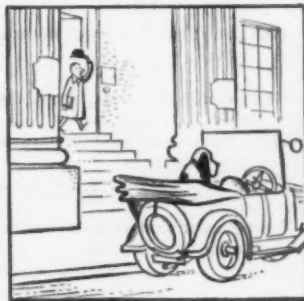
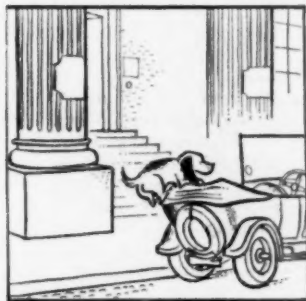
"Thanks," I said, and idly switched on the solitary screen-wiper. "Do the lights work?"

"Everything works perfect," said the man, and abruptly drew a heavy sheaf of documents from an inner pocket. "Now, let's see. For a fortnight, isn't it? Cheaper by the fortnight. Just 'ave your full names, shall we, Mr. Balroy?"

As I gave them, the wiper mechanism moaned rhythmically, but nothing wiped the screen.

"Won't want the wiper," said the man, without looking up. "Shan't have no rain."

Now, I believe in the truth, and in the avoidance of exaggeration for the sake of mere effect. There was nothing really wrong with the car, nothing that three months at the makers wouldn't have put right. True, there was no stop-light, as I found out by accident (nothing serious), and the traffic indicators did just what they pleased, which was to come into play three miles after you hadn't noticed that they'd failed to do so at the time. Its appearance was against it, but he is





a poor holiday-maker who can't put up with a bit of jeering from children and policemen; and, of course, the immovable driving-seat was inconvenient, though its neighbour made up for it, in a way, by advancing and recoiling with the ease of a heavy gun on rails. And certainly there was no hill, even in Jersey, that bottom gear wouldn't get us up, given a good run at it and a moment of rare co-operation from the gear-box. We had an interesting first week, and the family enjoyed many a fine view which might have passed unnoticed if I hadn't stopped to change a wheel.

The second week might have been just as delightful if the newly-arrived Colonel hadn't mentioned so audibly at breakfast that he intended to hire a car. It was only then, as I told him soon afterwards, that I realized how quickly a motorist could exhaust the scenic resources of an island twelve miles by seven. I was sorry in a way, I said, that I'd taken the car, cash down, for a fortnight, especially as we were moving to another hotel for our last week, rather nearer the centre of things.

"Nice little car?" said the Colonel.

"Very lucky to get one," I said. "End of the season, you know, all laid up for servicing."

But it was later, outside the hotel garage, that my sales talents attained unsuspected heights.

"Is that it?" said the Colonel.

He was looking at the tyres.

"It seems," I said, "that a very funny thing happened about the coachwork of this car. They did a re-cellulosing job on her five or six weeks back, then the firm who supplied the stuff wrote and said they . . ."

Well, it shows that there's a technique in these things, that's all. I don't think I missed a trick. The bit about the eight-pound tyre clinched matters, and the Colonel paid me in nice clean notes, straight from the bank. The whole thing couldn't have been more convenient, really. Especially as we were moving to another hotel for our last week, rather nearer the centre of things.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

## MY DREAM CAR

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Here is a little poem which I have entitled, for reasons which I trust will be readily apparent to all, "My Dream Car." This work, avowedly fanciful in treatment and even verging at times on the unintelligible, is primarily intended for those who take their poetry straight, believing with me that a touch of ambiguity, a pinch of whimsy and an occasional uncompromising dash of sheer drooling are indispensable adjuncts to the well-turned ode.

For the benefit, however, of those others whose main concern with every form of literature is that they should know what it is all about and what conclusion, if any, is reached, a prose version may be found on the right of each stanza.

Readers who fall resoundingly into one or other category are strongly advised against attempting both versions. They will simply be asking for trouble and might well precipitate some kind of breakdown.

My motor is a fey fantastic thing,  
A primrose wind, a pixie on the wing,  
An oriole that gallivants along  
In silence rent with gusts of eager song.

What radiance there! How like a young gazelle  
She mounts with tireless stride the twisting fell  
Yet keeps, 'mid chasm, crag and come what may,  
The nearly noiseless tenor of her way!

See how the solemn posts along the route  
Like ballerinas flicker o'er the boot  
Or lightly brush anent the boundless nose  
The bridal moon bedecked in cellulose.

And see Amaula's neatly beaming hair  
Stir in the soft re-animated air  
While Daphne, more to drowsiness inclined,  
Plumps for the cool capaciousness behind.

Mark too the coy compliance of the wheel,  
The marbled urns for errant orange peel,  
The cushions whisper-soft in muffled cream,  
The dinosaur that gives away the dream.

*My motor is pale yellow. It has rapid acceleration, is quiet-running and fitted with a powerful horn.*

*Handsome external appearance is combined with marked hill-climbing and cornering capacities plus the ability to maintain smooth economical performances at level speeds over all types of surface.*

*The body-work is highly polished and reflects various objects.*

*The air-conditioning and extra roominess in rear are much appreciated by passengers.*

*The steering is light, the off-white upholstery well-sprung. Ash trays are fitted and there is a dinosaur (presumably on one of the tip-up seats) which confirms that I must be dreaming.*

Yours faithfully,  
DANIEL PETTIWARD





*"It's the loneliness that eventually gets you down."*

### A TUBA FOR MRS. TRUMBLE

THE way Mrs. Trumble emerges from her house reminds one of a cuckoo springing from a clock; it troubles me slightly. What troubles me more is the fact that Mrs. Trumble is a watcher. She is a good watcher; she can watch anything or anybody, and her ability in this respect is matched only by her judgment in knowing *when* to watch.

Mrs. Trumble watches me often, and I find it irritating. She can watch me clean windows, or trim the grass, or wipe jo loves Md in chalk off the fence better than anyone I know, and I rebel inwardly against her habit of sliding out from her house to give an infuriating half-nod before she slides in again.

If she nodded to me I could perhaps tolerate her; but she doesn't, she half-nods to herself. What's more, she half-nods in a *knowing* manner as if she suspected before she came out that I should be cleaning the windows, or mowing

the lawn, or rubbing chalk off the fence, and had merely satisfied herself by confirming it.

Just how she can know when other people are about their local actions without indulging in a steady wait behind long curtains—a practice in which she hasn't yet been caught out—baffles me.

I could forgive Mrs. Trumble (I think) if it were known that she was engaged in some private experiments involving the use of extra-sensory perception, for then we should realize that she was compelled in the interests of science to interrupt her work and carry her washing-up mop with her to the gate for a check-up, as she has done on many an occasion with me.

My wife is particularly bitter about our inability to move outside the house without being scrutinized.

"It isn't that she wants to see what you're doing. It just worries her not to know for sure," I

say. But my wife refuses to be comforted.

Clearly, Mrs. Trumble has to be made to realize her anti-social behaviour. It is to this end that I have a plan based on the use of an old tuba now resting in the attic; I await only a promised red tunic from a friend. The whole scheme is a gamble of course. If I fail I lose all, and shall most certainly have to consider moving.

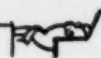
With the red tunic I shall wear one wellington boot, balanced by a plimsoll and cricket-pad on the other leg. Thus clad, I shall be wheeled by my wife in the baby's perambulator through the front door out to the privet hedge, there to wait.

When Mrs. Trumble appears I shall lift the tuba to my mouth and gently play as if by nature wrought.

It will be enough if only traces of bewilderment register on Mrs. Trumble's face. On the other hand, if she nods . . .



## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, October 14

Great crowds gathered outside the Houses of Parliament this after-

noon, to see the reassembly after the recess of the legislators, who hurried in embarrassment into the shelter of Palace Yard, or enjoyed the experience of a little limelight, according to taste. Such scenes are normally reserved for great occasions of excitement—but the most enthusiastic Parliamentary "fan" could hardly have applied that description to to-day's business.

The nearest the House of Commons got to excitement came right at the beginning of the proceedings, when it seemed as if the Government Chief Whip, Mr. PAT BUCHAN-HEPBURN (with his Deputy, Mr. HERBERT BUTCHER, alertly keeping the score from a typed list), had called a general election. He applied for a whole series of writs for by-elections.

Before that, Mr. Speaker had sadly reported to the House the recent deaths of popular Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, whose homely wit and wisdom had so often made its appeal to the House, and of Mr. FRED LONGDEN.

Sir HUGH O'NEILL, Father of the House, had applied (the Chief Whip reported) for the Chiltern Hundreds, and so had Mr. CONOLLY GAGE, also from Northern Ireland. Mr. "BILL" ASTOR had been called up to the House of Peers, on the death of his father, Viscount Astor. Members gasped as the list of pending by-elections mounted, surprised by the many changes that can occur even in a relatively short recess.

And then the House was ready to be normal again. It proceeded to show its normality by getting down at once to Questions, and the brisk and snappy replies of Ministers (in the nicest possible sense of the word "snappy") showed that they, at any rate, seemed to have benefited by their holidays—which, incidentally, had been the shortest of all.

Mr. HENRY STRAUSS scored first with a spirited reply to a question about the price of whisky. He mentioned that Scotch whisky commanded the highest price paid, in foreign countries, for any whisky, but was pressed to take Government action to increase it further, for the good of the national dollar supply.

"I do not," said Mr. STRAUSS frostily, "take the view that Governments understand a business better than those who conduct it!"

This drew a cheer which rose slowly, like an autumn mist, from the Government benches, and then spread to the Opposition side, until the whole House was cheering. It



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Hampton

was not very clear why the hon. gentlemen opposite were cheering—but then, that is not infrequently the case, whichever side is the other side.

But Mr. R. A. BUTLER was sitting in the Chancellor's seat wearing an expression which clearly said "You ain't heard nut'n yet!" A moment later he was called to the spotlight to answer a long list of questions.

A very direct warning was given to those who find ways and means of exceeding the £25 allowance for tourists, that they are being watched and that the considerable powers of the law will be invoked against them in suitable cases. Mr. B. gave a list of cases in which the law had been invoked, but was told by many Members that the penalties seemed too small.

Then he engaged in what is

known in other circles as a comedy duo with Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL. Mr. B. blandly said that, while his general aim was to avoid following anything the late Labour Government had done, "if we were to find any grain of wisdom in the policy of the late Government, we should certainly pick it up." (*Loud laughter.*)

Mr. G. gave a slight impression of an angry ex-Minister, and crisply ordered his successor at the Treasury to refrain from introducing Party considerations into the matter, and not to make "insulting references." (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Mr. B.: On any question of insulting references I should not like to compete with the right honourable gentleman!

The entire House swung round to see whether the Bevanite group—recently Mr. G.'s target in the country—would join in the Government cheers. But they preserved silence, even if they did not look unduly hurt at this attack on their own Front Bench.

Mr. B. announced that The QUEEN had ordered that a Welsh emblem ("The Leek," he added, aside) should be included in the design of some of the new reign's coins, and that five-shilling pieces were to be minted for the Coronation.

Mr. CHURCHILL promised a statement on the atomic explosion off Australia as soon as he had had time to talk to those who knew all about it.

And Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, the Minister of Transport, told the tragic story of the train disaster at Harrow, in which the death-roll had totalled 110. There was a husky cheer as he paid tribute to the work of the rescue-squads, not least the members of the United States Air Force, who had come so readily and effectively to the aid of the disaster's victims. He, too, promised a fuller statement in due time.

The day's discussion was on Licensed Premises in New Towns, which produced a "Time, gents,"

please!" atmosphere and speedily emptied the House.

Over in the Other Place, their Lordships tut-tutted as the Postmaster General, Lord DE LA WARR, announced that the total loss of currency out of mail-bags in the past 12 months had been £290,000. This, he added comfortingly, included the "alarming and abnormal" loss of £240,000 in a Central London robbery, when a mail van was held up and robbed.

He promised that something rather special would be done—*was* being done—to keep the mails safer. What were the new safety plans? Well... wait and see. Their Lordships tut-tutted some more.

Wednesday, October 15

Lord HAMPTON drew the notice of a silently attentive House of Lords to the dangers of the roads and asked what the Government intended to do about it. The debate—as so often when one of these human problems is under review—produced

some deeply moving and some very practical speeches.

Lord HAMPTON himself surprised his hearers by mentioning that he had knocked down a pedestrian in London's Trafalgar Square, and increased their astonishment by announcing that the "victim" (fortunately uninjured) had risen and apologized to the noble Lord. And they had parted, said Lord H., as one who provides the happy ending to the story, "on the best of terms." But the point of the story was that the pedestrian had not been looking where he was going, and that it was only the alertness of the motorist that had prevented something serious developing. Something really should be done, and that quickly, to reduce the deadly toll of the roads, said Lord H.

Lord LUCAS produced angry interjections from his own side of the House by expressing the view that the pedestrian was the greatest menace on the roads, and adding "I hope the time will come when it will be an offence for a pedestrian to cross the road..."

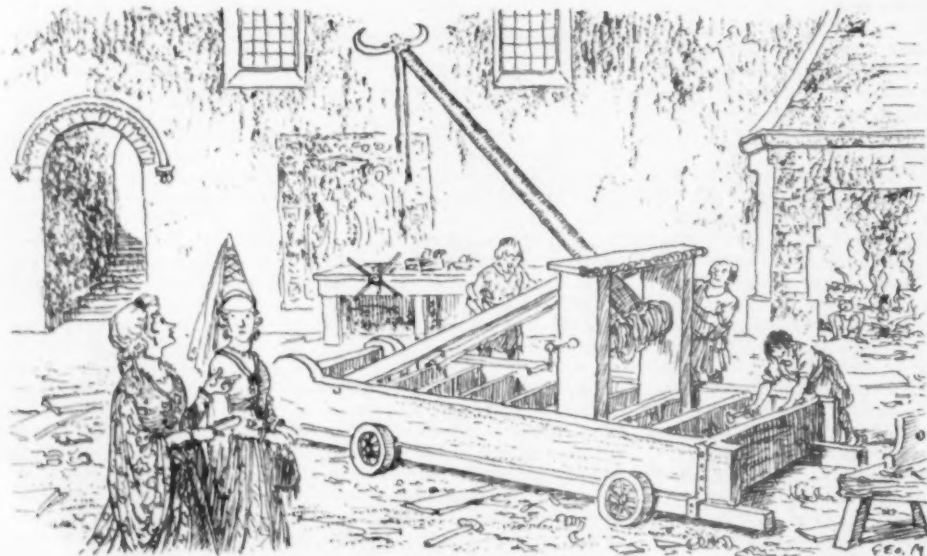
"Get them off the face of the earth!" cried noble, indignant and (presumably) pedestrian Lords.

Lord L., looking pained, concluded: "... except at a recognized crossing."

"Bah!" said their critical Lordships.

The Secretary of State for the Co-ordination of Transport, Fuel and Power, Lord LEATHERS, promised that all possible Government action would be taken to ensure that Belisha beacons were lit up and that no motorist (and, ideally, no pedestrian, either) should be. There will be more mobile police patrols ("speed cops," he explained, with a shy smile), more school-crossing patrols, more road research and more education in road-sense. And the Highway Code (of which Lord MONCK did not seem to think a great deal) was to be revised and made more "crisp."

All this seemed to satisfy (for the moment at any rate) Lord HAMPTON, who successfully sought leave to withdraw a motion asking for "papers."



"It's going to revolutionize the art of war, if ever they can get it through that door."



## YOUR PAPERS, PLEASE!

"MAY I see your driving licence?" asked the policeman.

(Understand me: I am no felon. This was a routine check, at, oddly enough, a check-point.)

"I am sorry," I said, "but you can't. I haven't got it. And," I went on, to forestall him, "I cannot send it either. I have given it away."

"To whom?" asked the policeman, going straight to the point.

"That I am not at liberty to reveal," I said, "but I gave it willingly, partly in the defence of the democratic way of life, and partly to save a woman's name."

The policeman bent down to get a good look at me.

"And where," he demanded, "did all this take place?"

"On a train," I said. "The Green Train . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Green Train gave two hoots in a carefree manner and slid out of the station. I opened my copy of the Continental edition of the *Lower Tappington Advertiser* at the "fashionable intelligence" page. Suddenly someone kicked my shin. I looked down. Most people would have looked up, but I know where my shins are. Then I looked up.

The lady opposite me lifted her veil for an instant, and I gave a start of surprise. That sweeping red moustache, that monocle, that white scar along the resolute line of the adam's apple—these could belong to no one but "Poodle" St. Clair!

What was he doing there? Where had he got that hat, to say nothing of that feather boa? These and other questions jostled in my mind. Looking round, I perceived that we were alone.

"Poodle!" I cried.

"Hush!" he said, and then, leaning forward confidentially, "Old man, I need your help."

"And you shall have it," I said. "I have not forgotten that night in Keswick."

He gripped my hand. Under the lace glove I felt his iron fingers, tense and vibrant.

"What are you doing?" I

asked. "Restoring the rightful heir to the throne of Sub-Carpatho-Ruthenia? Getting back the plans the First Lord left in a taxi? Thwarting a morganatic marriage? Do tell."

"The game isn't what it was," he said sadly. "The nearest thing to an heir to the throne in Mittel-Europa nowadays is a chap in a cloth cap and muffler. And plans—well! They used to draw plans. A whole new battleship on one bit of paper. Not nowadays. You need a wheelbarrow, and then it's all formulae. No, I'm saving a woman's name."

"And," I said, "you can't tell me her name because it would shake the chancelleries of Europe to their foundations?"

"Absolutely, old man," he agreed. "Now look. I'm in the usual jam. No papers. It's dashed odd," he went on, with a trace of bitterness in his voice, "but every peasant from Calais to Constantinople has a bundle of dog-eared papers to tell the world how tall he is, how many goats he owns, and the natal place of his wife's paternal grandfather, while we have nothing except a passport which is a dead give-away. In five minutes they'll be coming along here, and—"

"Stop," I said. "How long have you been out of England, Poodle?"

Even through the veil I could see a mist creep across his eyes.

"It must be fifteen years," he muttered.

"Things have changed," I told him. "Where papers are concerned the British can hold up their heads with any race under the sun. In personal documentation we are second to nobody. Here," I cried, diving into my pockets, "have some of these!"

I gave him my ration card (expired), my wireless licence, my driving licence, my dog licence, my dear old identity card, a sweet-coupon, a piece of paper which stated that I had the Commanding Officer's permission to keep a bicycle in the camp, the cover of a family



"Worst job I've ever had—terrible pay, long hours, no promotion, no paid holiday, no cost of living bonus, no morning break."

allowance book, and a post-war credit voucher.

St. Clair was practically unmannered. "All these," he kept on saying, twisting the papers in his powerful hands to make them more dog's-eared—"all these. But," his tone changed, "you? What about you?"

"Don't worry," I said, "I still have my permit to erect a hen-house, an old petrol-coupon, and a questionnaire about my sugar-beet production for 1951. The latter," I explained, "came to me in error."

"By Jove!" said "Poodle" St. Clair, "things have changed! I'll never forget this, old man. You've not only saved a woman's name to-day, but you've struck a blow for freedom."

"Steady on," I said. "Not freedom, Poodle. The democratic way of life."

"Same thing," he said, and I realized how long he had been away.

In the next compartment a gruff voice was saying "Your papers, please!"

The Green Train roared on . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

"I think," said the policeman, "you'd better tell this to a magistrate." He obviously didn't believe me.

Neither did the magistrate.

G. H. M. NICHOLS



## AT THE PLAY



*Letter from Paris* (ALDWYCH)—*Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, (ROYAL COURT)  
*A Trick to Catch the Old One* (MERMAID)

IF the boeing of a bilious minority at the first night of *Letter from Paris* turns out to have been an accurate presage of doom I shall be surprised, for Miss DODIE SMITH, whose return to the theatre should be acclaimed with trumpets, has lost none of her cunning in this adaptation of HENRY JAMES' "The Reverberator." It is the fashion now to say that whatever hash a playwright makes of a novel is justified in the cause of drama, and that if one happens to have read the book one's duty is to forget it. Given an impressive piece that has borrowed a convenient spring-board, I suppose one should; but it seems to me that an adaptor deserves special marks who succeeds in writing a good play while keeping faith with the feeling of its original. This is surely particularly true in the case of a novelist of JAMES' standing, and his fans must be struck by Miss SMITH's skill in

bringing his characters to the stage and preserving for them so many of his own phrases in dialogue admirably cut to the theatre.

The clash between raw American vigour and the complex sensibilities of Europe was a recurring theme with JAMES, and here the naïve but winning daughter of a homespun millionaire falls in love with the son of another American family that has burrowed so far into Paris society as to be more French than the French. Reluctantly accepted, she prattles artlessly of its private scandals to a reporter, and a muddy column in "The Reverberator" goes off like a mine. The contrast between the honest simplicity of the intruders, who think it wonderful to be in the papers, and the refined agony of the *Proberts*, a highly sensitive unit on the Gallic pattern, makes a fascinating study that carries much of the conviction of the novel. I enjoyed the whole evening because it was living James, but at the same time I had the feeling it was a little overweighted on the side of the visitors.

JAMES' demands could never be easily filled, and the casting is not perfect. Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM's Dickensian twinkling scarcely suggests a master of Wall Street, and Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN's solid Victorian patriarch is not quite the man to have "gone French." But although Miss BRENDA BRUCE is really too openly clever an actress for *Francie* she plays her charmingly; Miss MAXINE AUDLEY's *Suzanne* and Mr. PETER BARKWORTH's *Gaston* are faultless; Mr. SCOTT MCKAY is "The Reverberator" in person; and as *Francie's* bustling sister and the painter who links the two families Miss JESSIE EVANS and Mr. NICHOLAS PHIPPS are both very useful. Sympathetically produced by Mr. PETER GLENVILLE, delightfully dressed and decorated by Mr. OLIVER MESSEL, this is something which should please London.

In Miss CONSTANCE COX's *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, on the other hand, all the ironic delicacy of WILDE is sunk almost without trace, leaving a minor Aldwych farce through which Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT skitters like a frightened rabbit. When the farce is not ponderously slow, however, it is rather funny.



[*Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*  
Lord Arthur Savile—  
Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT

The Mermaid picked a rare collector's piece, that might have been written for its entrancing little stage, in THOMAS MIDDLETON's romping Jacobean comedy, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*. In its cheerful amorality the seeds of Congreve are already visible. Miss JOAN SWINSTEAD drove it along at a rattling pace, and Miss JOSEPHINE WILSON, Mr. PETER GRAY, Mr. BERNARD MILES and Mr. ERIK CHITTY showed us of what amusing stuff its absurdities were made.

### Recommended

Only a few more days for Emlyn Williams' masterly *Bleak House* (Ambassadors). *The Young Elizabeth* (Criterion) is neat historical tapestry, and *Love from Judy* (Saville) a lively British musical.

ERIC KEOWs



[*Letter from Paris*  
*Francie Dozon*—Miss BRENDA BRUCE



**L**ONDON is now able to make the acquaintance of GEORGE GERSHWIN's negro folk-opera *Porgy and Bess*, which is well on the way to becoming a classic on the far side of the Atlantic. It is about the little negro community of fishermen, stevedores, pedlars and beggars in Catfish Row, a locality that had in Colonial days been a fashionable quarter of Charleston, South Carolina, and still retained, beneath the dirt and grime of generations, battered traces of its past glory. This little world within a world teems with a profuse and vivid life of its own amid the all-pervading poverty and squalor. There are days of rejoicing, such as the annual picnic of the Repent-Ye-Saith-The Lord Lodge, when the whole community, dressed in flamboyant colours like a flock of tropic birds, issues forth from Catfish Row to pass the day singing and dancing on Kittiwah Island till the sun goes down; and there are nights of blood when savagery holds its reign of terror until it blows itself out, like the hurricane that sweeps across the bay, leaving a trail of death and havoc in its wake. But there is always to-morrow; grief will wail itself out, Nature will heal the wounds of yesterday in her own untidy, luxuriant way and life will go on. The only interruption is when a white face is seen at the entrance to Catfish Row. Then doors bang to, shutters close, and life comes to a standstill until the danger is past; for the world of the White Man, rational, orderly, harsh and powerful, for ever beating upon the walls of Catfish Row, and the

## AT THE OPERA

*Porgy and Bess* (STOLL)

White Man himself in pursuit of his incomprehensible ideals, together constitute The Enemy.

*Porgy* is a member of this little community. He is a crippled beggar who gets about in a little cart drawn by an ancient and (in DU BOSE HEYWARD's novel) exceedingly odoriferous goat of whose aroma he is happily unaware. *Bess* is abandoned by the giant stevedore *Crown* who, in a quarrel at an evening "crap-shooting" session, runs amok and murders one of the men with a cotton-hook. Everyone shuns *Bess* except *Porgy*, who takes her in. The rest of the opera provides the background of the conflict in *Bess's* heart between her love for *Porgy*, her desire for *Crown* and her longing for gaiety and city lights represented in the person of *Sportin' Life*, a sinuous mulatto who peddles "happy dust" on the water-front.

In *Porgy and Bess* DU BOSE HEYWARD and GERSHWIN, using an idiom based on negro folk-music, have created a work of extraordinary fascination. The little world they depict, suspended midway between the upstart rationalism of the White Man and the primeval hinterland in which the soul of the negro still dwells, is the oddest mixture of pathos, absurdity and violence. It comes over the



footlights with a directness and force comparable only to *Wozzeck*. The lyrics are of great charm, while the spirituals are genuinely moving. The weakness of the work is in the orchestration, which is patchy and lacking in colour. The acting and singing by the whole of the coloured cast is admirable, while the décor strikes one as being exactly right, with the tall buildings of Catfish Row towering crazily heavenward like trees inhabited by a chattering, vociferous population of monkeys and parrots. The rôle of *Porgy* is shared by WILLIAM WARFIELD and LE VERN HUTCHERSON, that of *Bess* by LEONTYNE PRICE and URYLEE LEONARDOS, while the celebrated "scat" singer CAB CALLOWAY is the egregious *Sportin' Life*. ALEXANDER SMALLENS, who has directed *Porgy and Bess* since its first production in 1935, is at the conductor's desk and the orchestra give a good account of an unfamiliar score. D. C. B.

## An Invitation

**A**N Exhibition of original drawings from *Punch* is to be held in the TIME-LIFE Lounge (by courtesy of TIME INC.), TIME-LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York City, from November 11 to December 6.

It will be open

WITHOUT INVITATION: Mondays to Fridays, 10 A.M.—5 P.M.

BY INVITATION ONLY\*: Mondays to Fridays, 5 P.M.—7 P.M.

Saturdays, 10 A.M.—5 P.M.

The Exhibition will be closed on November 27, 28 and 29.

\* U.K. readers who would like invitations sent to American friends should send names and addresses to PUNCH (Exhibition), 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

\* U.S. and other overseas readers should send names and addresses to PUNCH, 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y., U.S.A.

All U.S. readers who receive their copies direct from this office are being notified personally.



## at the PICTURES



### *Les Inconnus dans la Maison—Venetian Bird*

THE biggest splash in the programme at the Curzon is, of course, made by *Kon-Tiki*, the record (blown up from a 16mm. original, and furnished with a commentary in English by THOR HEYERDAHL himself) of an expedition of which you have, to put it mildly, heard. But that is hardly the sort of film one can usefully review; all one need do is mention its existence and explain that it is the real thing, consisting of pictures taken on the spot at the time, without any artificially-staged additions to the narrative. The one to review is the work of fiction showing with it, *Les Inconnus dans la Maison* (Director: HENRI DECOLN), a version of the Simenon story published here as *The Strangers in the House*. It might be said that there was really only one thing necessary to mention in connection with this, too: that it includes one of the last appearances of the lamented RAIMU. He is not perhaps quite the character visualized by readers of the book. From his first appearance here as the lawyer Loursat one feels the radiation of his warm, humorous, ironic humanity,

whereas the point of the original story was that it showed him first as a cold, sour, uncaring, embittered solitary drinker, and that he gradually recovered his pleasant qualities and his interest in life as a result of his increasing preoccupation with the young people who had accidentally involved him in a crime, and with the defence of the particular one of them accused of committing it. In a sense, then, the mere presence of RAIMU defeats the object of the story: there can be practically no surprise at the development of the character, there can be only the satisfaction of watching RAIMU's methods of showing its development. Happily, for one thing this would be enough, anyway, and for another this is by no means all the film has to offer. The story itself is interesting as a puzzle, in spite of its rather artificial staged dénouement (the guilty person being unmasked by cunning questions in the witness-box), and the subsidiary personages are all given solidity and made entertaining in the best French manner, including the credibly shabby, slightly odd young people who meet at the "Boxing Bar." Not a top-flight French film, but a pleasing one.

*Venetian Bird* (Director: RALPH THOMAS) is from a novel by VICTOR CANNING and makes the same sort of impression as other works of his, for instance *Golden Salamander*—though the constant plugging of a rather thin, undistinguished tune is a hint (perhaps) that they hoped the picture would make the same sort of impression as *The Third Man*. Crime and pursuit against a background of the more picturesque parts of a "glamorous" foreign city—why not? Unfortunately there's more to it than that. The background here comes over very nicely, but the characters are too conventional, too superficially observed, too "typed." As a succession of incidents, it is not boring; a search-and-pursuit story



(*Les Inconnus dans la Maison*  
Loursat—RAIMU)

through visually striking scenes has the constantly renewed interest of a picaresque novel in concentrated form, and one is carried on without worrying about the plot. But what is there to remember afterwards? Not RICHARD TODD as the dashing special agent, nor even EVA BARTOK as a "mysterious Italian girl," nor any of the assorted villains; just the lofty downward shots of clustering birds and people like coffee-grounds in the huge sunlit courtyard, and the glassworks—remembered more vividly, anyway, from *Les Amants de Vérone*.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Survey**  
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

No need, I imagine, to remind you that *Limelight* is now showing in London. Another new one worth seeing is *The Turning Point*, but *Golden Marie* or *Casque d'Or* (24/9/52) remains the best film.

Of the new releases the most worth while is *The Planter's Wife* (1/10/52). *My Wife's Best Friend* (8/10/52) is an amusing time-waster.

RICHARD MALLETT

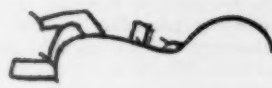


Edward Mercer—RICHARD TODD  
A mysterious Italian girl—EVA BARTOK





## BOOKING OFFICE



## A Resistant Victorian

**The Years With Mother.** Augustus Hare. Edited by Malcolm Barnes. Allen and Unwin, 25/-.

AUGUSTUS HARE's prolixity has been fatal to his reputation. Few readers can find time to plough through the three quarters of a million words of "The Story of My Life" in search of gems thickly wrapped in cotton wool, and we must be grateful to Mr. Malcolm Barnes for having very skilfully reduced the best of this monumental work to two volumes. The first is now available, with an excellent preface and unobtrusively helpful notes, and it is some time since I have enjoyed a book so much as *The Years With Mother*. If you are interested in how life in the upper swim appeared during the opening half of Victoria's reign to a sensitive child, and later to an extremely observant young man, here it all is.

The subsequent charm of Hare's character showed few traces of a childhood of calculated mental torture. Adopted as an infant by a weak and pious aunt who absorbed his affection like a sponge, he became the special victim of another aunt, the sister of Frederick Maurice. Fanatically devout, "the Inquisition in person," she persuaded his adoptive mother that the more wretched he could be made, the greater the hope of his salvation. Hare appears genuinely to have forgiven this fiendish woman when she died, but he was not taken in by her for a moment. After a succession of private tutors had failed to blunt his passion for learning, he went to Harrow, where he was fearfully bullied and "the fever came straight from Eton with some velocipedes," and to Oxford, where he found the curriculum as inane as at Harrow, though liberty enchanted him and he was privileged to take intimidating walks with Jowett. Having abandoned the idea of the Church, of which his early experiences had left him wary, he passed the rest of this period, until 1870, when he was forty-six, working quietly in Sussex, going abroad with his "mother" and spending whole winters in Rome, and travelling round England gathering material for his best-selling guide-books. As he was related to nearly half Debrett his progress was usually from mansion to castle, luckily for us.

He was a snob, and certainly effeminate, but there were many things about him which are likeable, among them his eager curiosity. In spite of a sure instinct for the bogus he remained kind, and his feeling for beauty and old places, that went with a considerable talent for water-colours, unfashionably included a hatred of restoration that makes him seem (as he often does) strangely close to us in outlook. As well as a keen eye for eccentricity he had a wonderful gift for encouraging old ladies to talk, and those he encountered were vintage specimens: Lady Ruthven, who enlivened the gloom of Winton Castle by wearing a tiara while she played the concertina, and Lady

Hereford, who slammed down the windows of her large glass pew if the sermon bored her. Hare and most of his relatives suffered from presentiments, sometimes, it must be admitted, surprisingly well-founded, and this interest in the psychic led him to collect ghost-stories as he went about, many of which are very good. One comes from Mrs. Gaskell. And an extraordinary Madame de Trafford crops up frequently, whose second-sight was so accurately tuned that she could electrify an hotel in Geneva with an eye-witness account of Solferino, the battle turning out to have taken place at that moment exactly as she had described it.

Except always for his slightly sickly adoration of his "mother," Hare could write with a detachment that was out of period. His letters and journals are full of sub-acid impressions of celebrities, but the chief interest of the book is its feeling that the end was near of the good life that allowed one to potter comfortably abroad in a travelling carriage stocked with books, painting and browsing timelessly. Most of the "progress" of the fifty years since he died would have seemed to him calamitous.

ERIC KEOWNS

**Gods, Graves and Scholars.** C. W. Ceram. Gollancz, in association with Sidgwick and Jackson, 21/-.

Seekers after gold or knowledge, finders of a Pharaoh's treasure or the key to the Rosetta Stone, have for Dr. Ceram a fascination second only to that of their discoveries. In a brilliantly marshalled sequence of biographical studies of the men to whom we owe so vast a store of our knowledge of the historical



"Haden't you noticed that the lights had changed to strawberry?"



and prehistorical past Dr. Ceram has written a profoundly interesting account of the evolution of archaeology. What a delightful gallimaufry of men and methods! Belzoni, the ex-circus strong man attacking the tomb of Seti I with a battering-ram; Schliemann at the Lion Gate spending twenty-five days sifting the earth of a grave with fingers and pocket-knife; Thompson at Chichén-Itzá in a diving-helmet looking at the bottom of the Sacred Well for truths about the Mayan past. At the end of the book the reader feels that under his eyes has been constructed a mosaic of marvels; his pleasure is further enhanced by E. B. Garside's splendid translation from the German. R. C. S.

**Fanny Brawne.** Joanna Richardson. *Thames and Hudson*, 15/-

Readers well primed in the sad eventful history of those star-crossed lovers will welcome this biography of John Keats' sweetheart. Miss Richardson has been at pains to search for references to Fanny or her family in contemporary letters and periodicals and has accumulated a great deal of extremely interesting material; from her pages her subject emerges as an attractive, clever, and, for her day, remarkably independent young woman whose "knowledge of historical costume always impressed her friends." Only one or two expressions, wrung from her by circumstances that must have been literally torturing, appear to cast the slightest doubt on the quality of her feeling for Keats. The reader who comes to this book with no previous knowledge of its subject will probably

wonder what particular accusations Miss Richardson wishes to refute; this implies that, unfortunately, her researches, and the suppositions that she builds on them, have resulted in a dossier rather than a book.

R. E. S.

**Family Ties.** Celia Buckmaster. *Hogarth Press*, 11/6

To describe a company of eccentrics acting eccentrically is an attractive but over-simplified method of writing fiction, the temptation (to which Miss Buckmaster has succumbed) being to pile up absurdities in the pursuit of quaintness at all costs—an end which defeats itself. Her English village is an odd place peopled by oddities inhumanly devoid of values, to whom picking raspberries is as important as adultery, marmalade on *The Times* as the prodigal's return. Their affairs are chattily and slangily narrated with a girlish naïveté and gusto; though Miss Buckmaster—who has insight, handles idiotic dialogue plausibly and plants a skilful dart—can also write a serious passage when she (rarely) thinks fit. The result, which will amuse or annoy according to mood and taste, may best perhaps be summed up in a sentence from the book itself—"in a way it made sense, though one couldn't exactly say what she meant." H. B.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**A Prospect of Cities.** Cecil Stewart. *Longmans*, 25/-. Eclectic "studies towards a history of town-planning," surveying the changes of vision and practice in pre-planned town building from Greek hiving colonies and Roman military outposts to Letchworth and Harlow; from Constantinople and Versailles on the grand scale to projects of enlightened industrialism such as Saltaire and Letchworth. Admirably illustrated, indexed and printed; with an impressive bibliography.

**Of Their Own Choice.** Peter Churchill. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 12/6. The author, one of the first two British officers to be landed in the French Unoccupied Zone in 1942, shows the excellence of British Security measures, and the valour of the Resistants. He begins with an account of intensive training here, and describes hair-breadth escapes and hair-raising terror on the other side in a matter-of-fact way. Magnificent reading.

**The Saturday Book 12.** Edited by John Hadfield. *Hutchinson*, 25/-. This issue successfully follows its predecessors' tradition. Stories (Mr. Walter de la Mare's a very horrifying one), poems, articles on many themes—Victorian seaside, the 1920s, white embroidery, Colette—and fine illustrations make up an attractive collection of unrelated phenomena.

**Prisoner of Grace.** Joyce Cary. *Michael Joseph*, 12/6. Disappointing study of the rise of a sanctimonious clerk to the Cabinet, seen through the eyes of his wife, a vacillating woman whom he tortures mercilessly. The politics are less convincing than the analysis of humbug, and so is the sinister reunion at the end, after the marriage, described in its most sordid aspects, has broken down.

**The Wheel is Fixed.** James M. Fox. *Home and Van Thal*, 9/6. Fast-moving and cheerfully incoherent thriller about a Hollywood piano-player who learns the hard way that it is wiser not to take a gang-leader's girl. No, got it wrong. He learns the hard way that it is wiser to take a gang-leader's girl when the gang-leader wants her took. No, not quite. This piano-player is protecting a world-famous tenor from card-sharps in a swimming-pool . . . Anyway, just take it as a novel about trying to get across the Mexican border and enjoy it.

**The Singing Sands.** Josephine Tey. *Peter Davies*, 10/6. Last detective novel, published posthumously, of Josephine Tey. Shows obvious signs of being an unrevised draft. Goodish picture of a claustrophobic Scotland Yard man recovering from a nervous breakdown in the Highlands, but plot unconvincing, dull and raggedly contrived.



"The four-inch turn-up and yellow socks went out weeks ago!"

# SHORT CUT TO GLORY

I COVET fame, I must confess: most people do, I suppose. I differ from the mob, however, in this—that I will stop at nothing to secure it: no trick too knavish, no manoeuvre too base. Some idea of the depths I am prepared to plumb in this cause may perhaps be given by a brief examination of an evil thought that occurred to me a few months ago, while brooding on this very matter.

"Suppose," I said to myself, chuckling mentally at the fancy—"suppose that, in spite of half a lifetime's passionate conviction to the contrary, it should in fact turn out that I have nothing in me of the vital spark of genius? What should I do?" My evil thought followed immediately. "Would it not be possible," I mused, "to secure a hold of some kind over an author"—it is literary glory at which I aim—"who has this vital spark, and force him to write, to my instructions, work which I should publish under my own name?"

Base though it undoubtedly is, I must admit that more than once during the past few weeks I have found myself turning the idea over in my mind. Whether I shall ever make any move in the matter I cannot say, but if my readers should chance to be curious as to the outcome, let me advise them to be on the watch for blackmailing episodes in next year's fiction. All is grist that comes to a writer's mill, and I cannot believe that my victim would fail to make use of such an experience in his work. This would be the sort of thing, I fancy:

Like a huge toad, Fish sat motionless on the settee, the flabby mouth half open, a few greying hairs plastered damply over the fat white scalp.

(He'd be pretty annoyed with me, naturally.)

He said "Remember breaking down half-way through 'Excelsior!' at the Mothers' Union social?"

Scarp stared out of the window at the dingy street. A dust-bin



loomed through the fading winter light. A slinking cat furtively examined a decayed banana skin. Blown by fitful gusts of wind, the tattered cigarette cartons whirled in a melancholy dance. He listened with anguish to a voice from the past. "We are now about to take a journey through Alpine snows with our old friend Scoutmaster Scarp. For his recitation to-night he has chosen Longfellow's noble poem 'Excelsior!'" He remembered the last nervous adjustment to the knotted scarf, the tilting of the wide-brimmed hat to a more provocative angle, the quick hitch to the neat shorts; the hollow clump of his shoes on the boards, and then the excited murmurs of the women, the cold envious stares of the men, and the draught across the dusty little platform that chilled the bare knees. "'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and

rest——'" The nightmare blank, the age-long silence, the sibilant hiss of the curate's "Thy weary head upon this breast!" and his own miserable "I beg your pardon!" The vicar leaping to his feet with a stentorian "Bravo!" and leading the perfunctory applause. He said, quietly, "How did you know?"

Fish nodded his great head. "You've forgotten me," he said without rancour. Around his fat, nail-bitten fingers there appeared as though by magic a piece of string. Dexterously he manipulated it. "A running bowline," he said. "A slip knot. A reef. A half-hitch."

Scarp said, with bitter rage, "Wolf Cub Fish."

"I've never forgotten them. Nor the Howl. Shall I——"

Scarp said "What do you want from me?"

Fish shifted his obscene bulk on

the setter. "I'd like you to write a story round a plot which I shall supply. The story will be published under my name."

"What is the plot?"

Fish's huge unshaven jowl champed eagerly. "It's about a man and his wife who are drifting apart. They're brought together by a dog." He hesitated momentarily. "It'll be easier if we give them names first."

"Pat and Yvonne Crumble."

"And the dog?"

A vicious spurt of hatred twisted Scarp's vitals. He said, furiously, "— the dog!"

"When you were standing up there, fiddling about with your whistle—" began Fish.

Scarp said, with anguish, "Fallows."

All this, of course, gives only a very rough-and-ready idea of the sort of thing my readers may expect to see. The author I have in mind,

although he has touched on Scouting in his work, has never, to the best of my knowledge, thrown himself into the movement with any real vigour; nor has he, up to the time of writing, at any rate, come before the public with a recitation of "Excelsior!" What sort of a hold it is that I may be able to secure over him I cannot tell, nor have I any very clear idea as to how to set about such a proceeding. I should

imagine, nevertheless, that a few half-crowns shrewdly laid out in localities in which he has gathered material might possibly yield something of value. On the other hand, it may well be that the whole unsavoury scheme will come to nothing and that all such evil fancies will be blown from my mind by the health-giving breezes of a belated seaside holiday. (I jot down these last few lines on the train to Brighton.)

T. S. WATT

## THE ASPHALT ROAD

THE barriers down—the notices removed,  
The road immaculate, unmarked and clear,  
The shining hour I joyously improved  
By bowling up and down in ev'ry gear.  
Then felt I as some sailor from the seas  
Plying some landlock'd waterway and glad  
Smoothly to steer and navigate at ease  
Silent upon a lake in Trinidad.

MARK BEVAN



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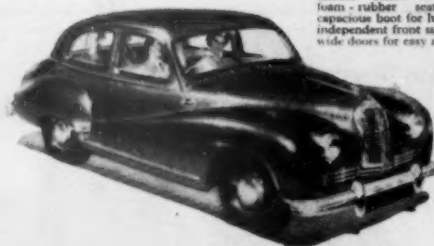
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*Press, October 22 1952*



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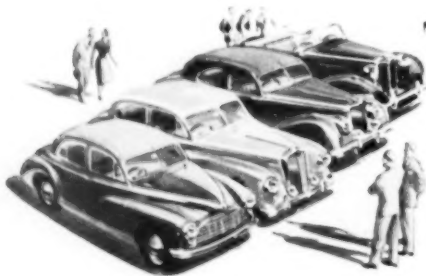
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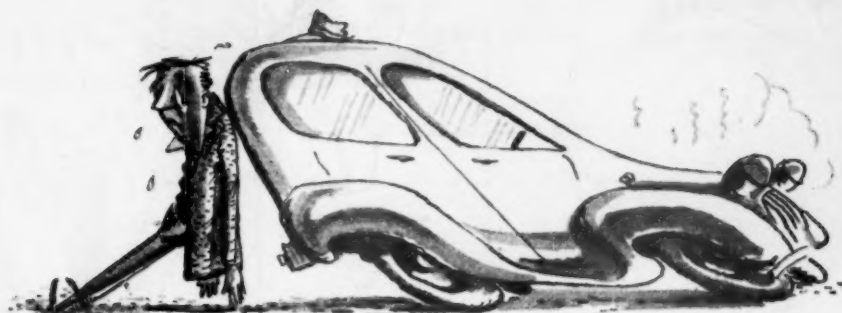
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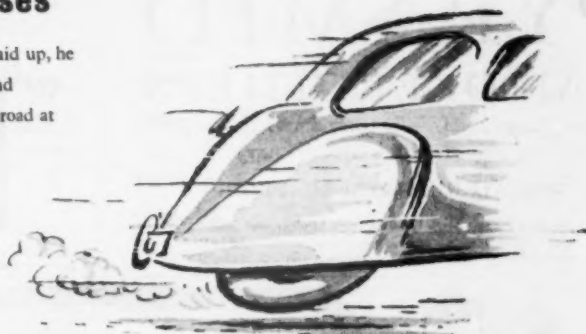
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## THINK I'LL HAVE A WHACK AT THE RALLY

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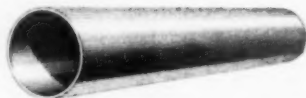


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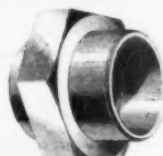
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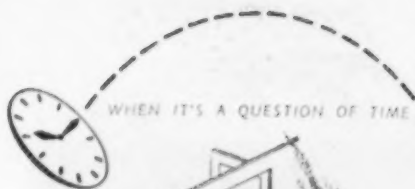
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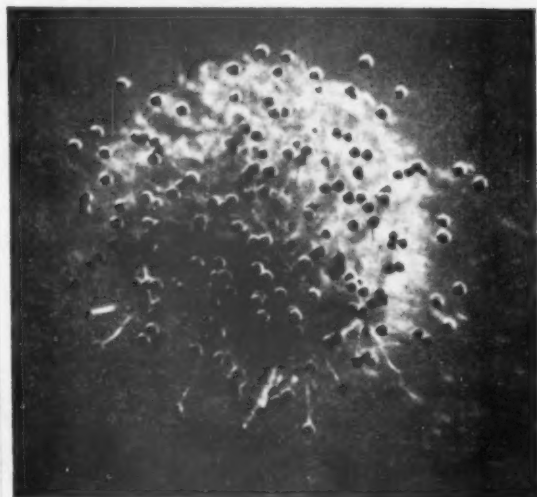
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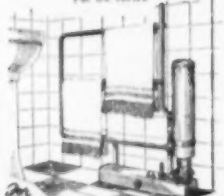


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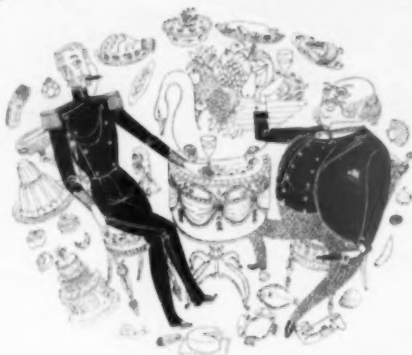
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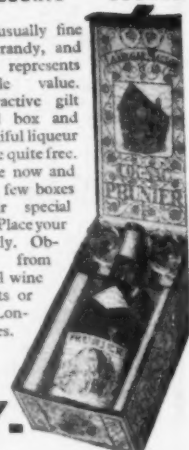
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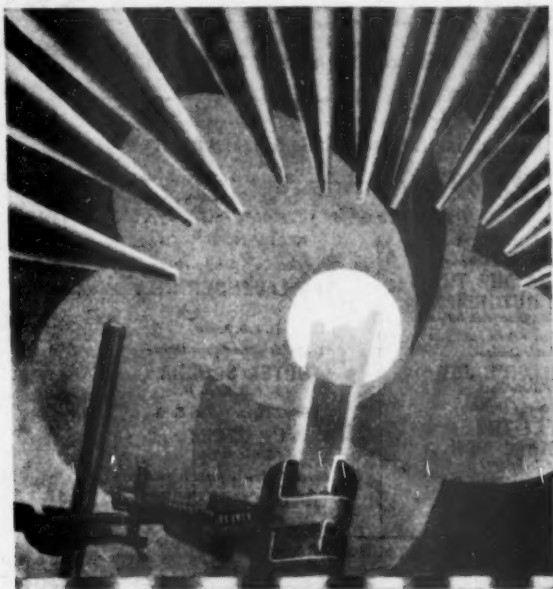


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### How to reduce the 'Time-lag' in the treatment of Rheumatism

Despite half a century of painstaking research, there is still no unanimity of opinion regarding the causation of rheumatic diseases. Treatment is therefore necessarily symptomatic and directed to the relief of pain.

Massage has long been the treatment of choice. But in severe cases, adequate massage cannot begin at once; the affected muscles are too taut and tender. Days or even weeks may have to elapse before the patient can benefit from the stimulating effects of deep massage.

This "time-lag" has now been eliminated by the use of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream.

Gentle massage over the affected myalgic spots with this cream brings rapid relief from pain and permits of more intensive treatment than would otherwise be possible.

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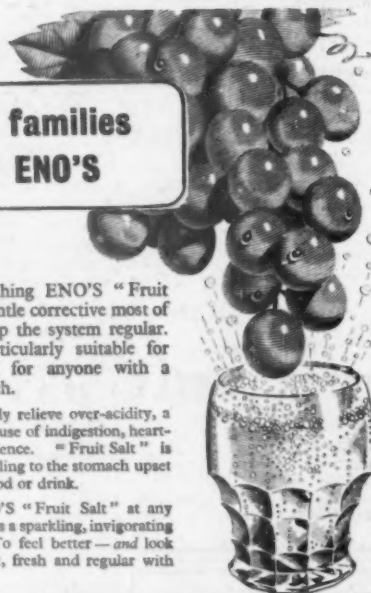
ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

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## Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.



## The Professor of Milan<sup>\*</sup>

**THE** Professor went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For the watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The waterproof Oyster case had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex Rotor, the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the "jerk" principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on its axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle motion of the sea that actuated it!

Well, that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but all watches have enemies—dust damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the mainspring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to be accurate and stay accurate.

<sup>\*</sup> This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Ostolo of Milaa University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



"They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. And when on dry land they held it in their hands they gazed at it with stupefaction."



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual—truly a monarch among watches. The astonishingly accurate movement, perfectly protected by the Oyster case, is given added precision by the self-winding mechanism. The tension on the mainspring is much more even and overwinding is impossible.



This new, slim, hand-finished case has arrived at last—and as from now is gracing all Rolex Oyster Perpetuals.



Another Rolex first—the Phantom Crown: waterproof, even when pulled out for hand-setting! Another proof of Rolex leadership.

### FREE COLOUR BROCHURE OF ROLEX WATCHES

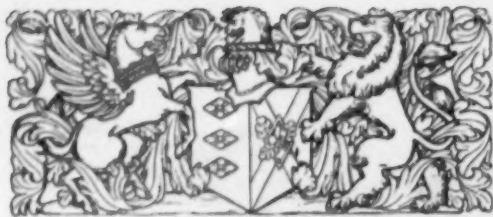
For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, write to the Rolex Watch Company, Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.



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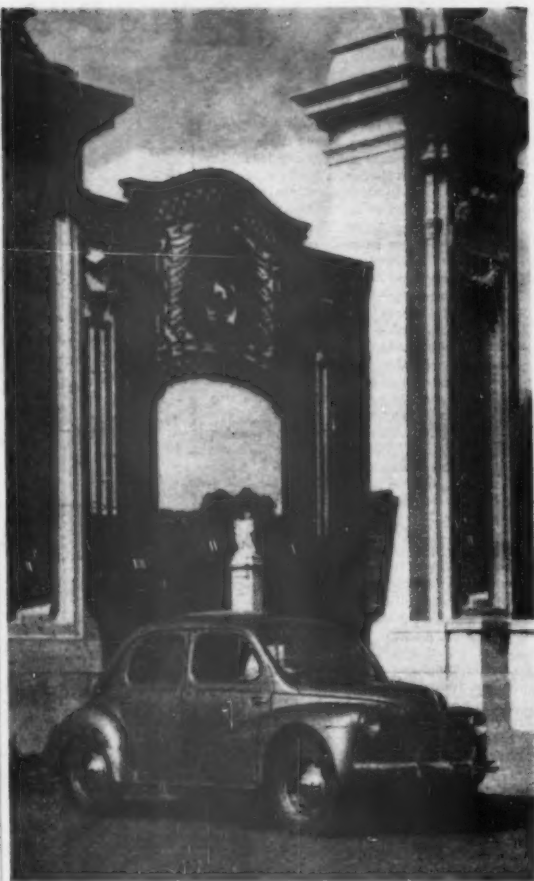
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